

# CHATELAIN

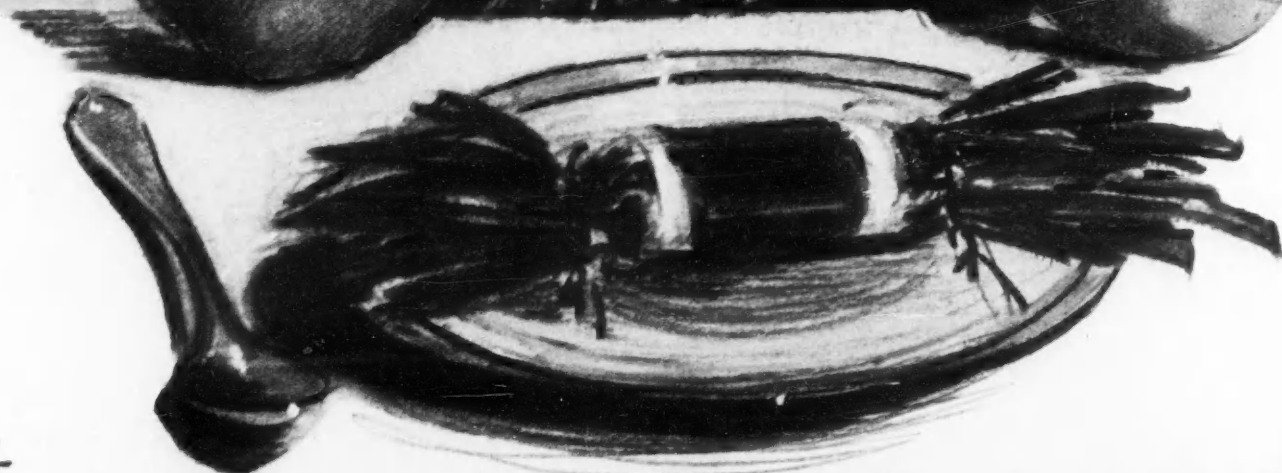
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JANUARY 1941



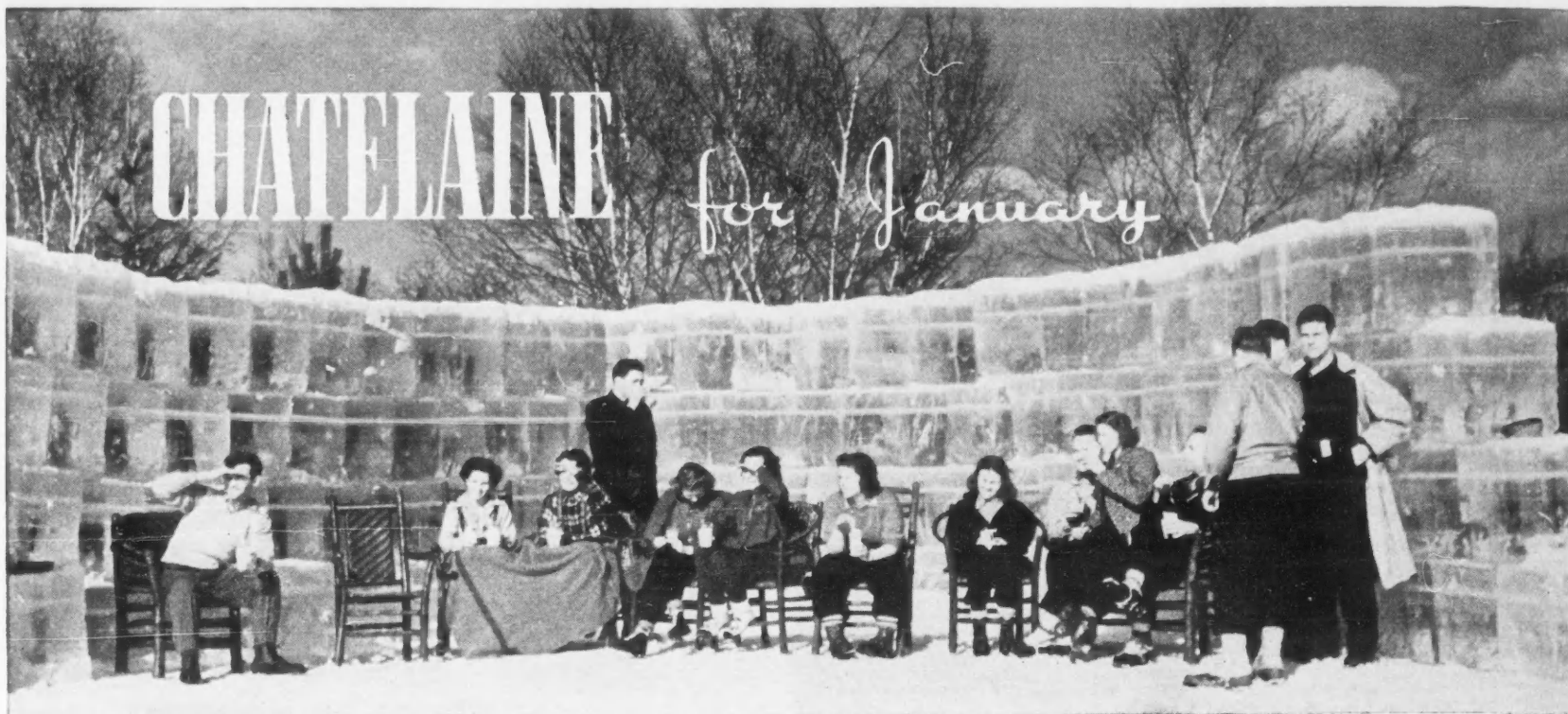
MARTHA  
SAWYERS



*The*

STORY OF MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL





THE ever so slightly apprehensive baby, with the "Come-on-I-can-take-it" look, which you'll find on page 17, was hailed with a shout of joy by the editorial department of *Chatelaine*. He typifies so satisfactorily the general feeling most people have for what lies ahead in 1941. You can see that this babe has had surprising, not to say bewildering, adventures already. But there's a purposefulness about him that reflects what most of us feel. And is he ready for whatever the New Year brings? And can he take it?

Looking at him again, I find fresh delight in his funny, determined, little face, and the curl-sprout at the top of his head! Haanel Cassidy, the brilliant young Canadian photographer who has just returned after nine years in Japan, captured this bit of laughter for you.

**You and Your Year.** In the final analysis, 1941 becomes a very personal matter for each of us. And it's just as true for a magazine as for an individual. *Chatelaine* feels that, more than ever, we've an enthralling job to do. And of course, like most wise people, we've been spending a great deal of time at the turn of the year, deciding where we've been right, and what's been wrong; what we must change and what develop. This first issue in 1941 indicates our belief that, to an increasing degree, you will want to pick up your favorite magazine (meaning us!) with a feeling that you can get away from the problems of the times, and have some fun. Little Tookie has the right idea in Margaret Craven's "Are You Having Any Fun?" This is one of the nicest stories we've run, I think.

There's more design for living expressed in "This is Corda"—and I like its honesty. There are three types of women walking through this

story. You probably have a friend just like each one of them. There's the preachy one; the cynical one; and the puzzled one.

But all heroines, to my mind, pale before the life story of the brown-haired Clementine Hozier, who thirty years ago had a fashionable wedding and today is the least-publicized woman in the world—Mrs. Winston Churchill. Alice Heming, who writes of her this month—and her children next month—is a Canadian girl who for some years was an ace newspaperwoman in Vancouver. On her marriage she lived for some years in London. When war was declared she sent her two children home to Vancouver, and very reluctantly, under family orders, soon after herself left their home in London and her husband in the army, to come out and look after her children.

The young Canadian mother who wrote "Marriage Is My Career" is a very real person, with some of the best-looking children you ever saw. Remember that in writing your opinion of her article, we don't want you to agree with her unless you feel like it. Argument is what we're after! There are more opportunities to make some extra cash in Miss Campbell's department—and there will be every month, as she is planning a unique series of recipe contests.

And so—to all of you, from all of us, a Happy New Year! Many adventures, many low moments, many new experiences lie ahead for all of us. But, with that brand-new mind on page 17 facing it so gallantly and determinedly—can any of us do less?

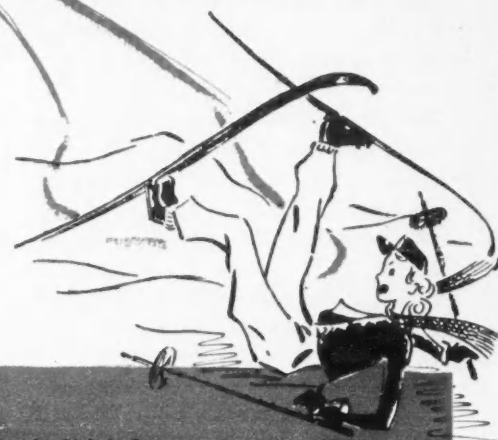
*Byrne Hope Sanders.*

Vol. 14

No. 1

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## Are Going Places



Twenty-two-year-old JUNE STOREY has been Gene Autrey's leading lady in most of his pictures. She's a Toronto girl and got her first movie chance as the German maid who left the lamp in the stable and caused the fire in "In Old Chicago."



When Katharine Hepburn came to Toronto's Royal Alexandra Theatre in "Philadelphia Story," her understudy was DORA SAYERS. This was the second time Miss Sayers had been home to Canada with theatrical companies. She was here a couple of seasons ago with Joan Bennett in "Stage Door." Before trying her luck on Broadway, she lived in Clarkson, Ont., and attended Oakville High School.

## "Politeness has its limits— I just won't dance with Peg"!



### Every day ... and before every date ... prevent Underarm Odor with Mum. Stay popular!

**P**EG'S tops on first impression—but you can't be a belle on *that*! She's plenty pretty, but prettiness alone won't make a welcome dancing partner—when underarms need Mum!

In winter—when social life is so important—underarm odor often goes unsuspected. Those who offend may see no moisture, yet winter's confining clothes and indoor heat can actually make the chance of odor *worse*.

After your bath, you're fresh and sweet. Then is the time to prevent risk of *future* odor with a daily underarm dab of Mum. A bath for *past* perspiration, then Mum ... doubles your precautions—makes you *sure* you're safe!

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**MUM IS QUICK!** Half a minute and underarms are protected for hours.

**MUM IS SAFE!** The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Even after shaving, Mum won't irritate your skin.

**MUM IS SURE!** Without attempting to *stop* perspiration Mum prevents odor, all day or evening. (One reason why *men* like Mum too!) *Today*, get Mum at your *druggist's*. Mum is one habit that will help to keep you popular all winter long!

### WINTER AND SUMMER—MUM GUARDS CHARM!



**For Sanitary Napkins**  
*Wise women everywhere prefer Mum for Sanitary Napkin use. It is gentle, safe, prevents odor. Avoid embarrassment ... use Mum this way, too.*

# MUM

MADE IN CANADA

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



Joe!...in the **HOSPITAL?**...

why, he only had the  
sniffles when we went  
dancing Saturday!



YOU have probably known several cases like that . . . the medical records report lots of them. And they all lead up to this warning:

Don't take a cold lightly. Don't neglect it. Take care of it at once.

#### HELP NATURE EARLY

If you feel a cold coming on, or your throat feels irritated, go to bed. Keep warm. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly. Gargle full strength Listerine every two hours.

All of these simple measures are aimed to help Nature to abort a cold quickly. Rest and warmth build up reserve. Juices and water aid elimination. Food restores strength. And Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces . . . the very germs that many authorities claim are the cause of many of

the distressing aspects of a cold. Tests showed germ reductions ranging to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

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And in tests conducted during 9 years of research, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not use it. This success we ascribe to Listerine's germ-killing action on the mouth and throat surfaces.

We wish we could say that Listerine Antiseptic so used would always head off a cold, but we cannot. We do say that as a first aid it is deserving of your most serious consideration.

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**LISTERINE—QUICK!**



ON THE AIR

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

THE **GREEN HORNET** See your local newspaper for time and station

## These Canadians



Canada is well represented in the Hardy screen family. Andy Hardy's sweetheart Polly, the dark girl above, is Toronto's ANN RUTHERFORD. The Canadian soldiers overseas have adopted Ann as their official sweetheart and one of the lads has written to her saying, "You're our idea of the girl we want to come home to." Andy's screen sister is CECILIA PARKER (above), and she's also a Canadian. Looks as though Ann and Cecilia are carrying on the good work started by Mary Pickford, Norma Shearer, Marie Dressler and other Canadian screen stars.

In a recent issue, "Harper's Bazaar" devoted a lot of space to the dress designers of this continent and among the featured was Canadian-born CHARLES COOPER. Son of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Cooper, of Toronto, he received his art training at the Toronto Central Technical School and has been designing clothes for women in New York for fifteen years. He has not been to Paris for the past ten years, because he believes in creating original models for the women of this continent. One of his proudest possessions is said to be a pair of left-handed scissors.





# THIS IS Corda

by  
**LENORA  
MATTINGLY  
WEBER**

**C**ORDA'S SISTER, Julie, had a lovely recipe for a happy marriage. It was that if a woman made a home for a man and believed in him, the man would rise to great heights, and the wife, sharing the glory for which she was responsible, would be happy. Corda had been so sure this recipe was infallible. For Julie's husband, Dakin Cusack, had had a Rags to Riches career—shovelling coal, and law school at night, to corporation lawyer. And Julie was going about radiant with happiness.

For sixteen years Corda, married to Andy Sullivan, had followed that recipe. But Andy wasn't a success; he couldn't even support his family. And Corda, sitting in the car beside him this September morning, looking down the poor street on which they lived, was driven and desperate.

Andy was on his way downtown. Corda had ridden as far as the corner drugstore to get a Vitamin B compound the doctor said their small Tom needed. The very tinge of fall in the air was a remindful nudge of the children's needs. Out of her worry Corda asked tensely, "Andy, this project of yours—this looking after the boys after they've outgrown juvenile probation—won't you get any extra money for it?"

Andy said apologetically, "Not right away, Corda—but I'm hoping that when I get it going and the Chest sees what a good thing it is turning out to be, there'll be an appropriation for it."

As an attaché of the Probation Office, Andy made about as much as the drugstore clerk who was trimming the store window. All summer Andy had worked over a plan that was not part of his work, though his work had

shown him the need for it. There were so many boys, too old for the juvenile court to look after, who still needed help and guidance and jobs. The Forgotten Age, Andy called it. All summer he had talked about their problems before men's clubs and factory heads and social centres. This morning he was to lay his plans before the Community Chest board.

Corda climbed reluctantly out of the car. Parting would always be a thing of reluctance between her and Andy. She had worshipped him since she was fourteen. Andy smiled, "I'll get home soon as I can."

She started toward the drugstore. It was school supplies the clerk was arraying in the window. A sharp thrust of panic like pain went through her. Today was Saturday and school would open Tuesday. Their oldest girl, Madeline, who was in eighth A, maintained stoutly that she'd had enough school. This was because of exposure to the Denner girls who lived in the flat above them. There was Alma and Winetta, and Corda could never remember which one worked at the beauty parlor and which at the café. They were both too blond, too flip, too sure of themselves.

But to young Madeline, they were glamorous, all-sufficient. "Today," Madeline had told glibly, "Alma got three-seventy-five in tips." So why should she, Madeline, waste time at school? Neither Alma nor Winetta Denner had gone farther than the seventh grade when they were at school.

Then there was their youngest—nine-year-old Tom, for whom the doctor had ordered vitamins. He needed more than that, Corda realized sickly. He needed a life that wasn't persecution from that under-the-viaduct gang. Tom was an outcast because once he had fainted in school, and because he had a nice soprano voice and sang in the choir. Lily, the gang called him. All summer Andy had taken him on his investigating trips—but with school opening, life would be torture for Tom.

A MAN LET himself out of a car onto which a ladder was roped. He held the drugstore door open for Corda. Corda recognized him as one of the workmen she had known years ago; she knew a quick nostalgia to shake a rough hand that had one nail blackened from a hammer blow. She said, "Why, hello, Martin Conroy!" It

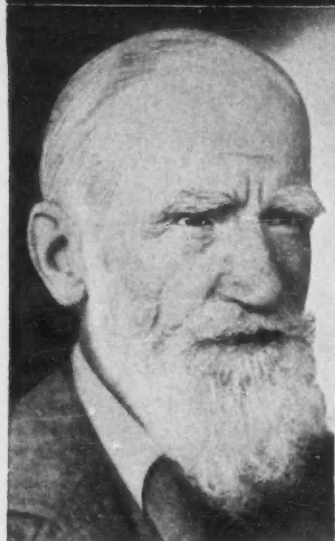
Oh, hadn't she been full of assurance and confidence in those days! That was the real Corda — tingly and alive.





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"... I must warn you, before you attempt to enjoy my plays, to clear out of your consciousness most resolutely everything you have ever read about me in a newspaper. Otherwise you will not enjoy them... I seem to cast a spell on journalists... the person they represent me to be not only does not exist but could not possibly exist."

"... If so, please class it with the unicorn and the dragon, the jabbawock and the bandersnatch, as a creature perhaps amusing but certainly entirely fabulous... you must accept me as a quite straightforward practitioner of the art I make my living by... that living depends finally on you... I am your very faithful servant; and I should no more dream of pulling your leg or trifling with you or insulting you than any decent shopkeeper would dream of doing that to his best customers. If I make you laugh at yourself, remember that my business as a classic writer of comedy is 'to chasten morals with ridicule'; and if I sometimes make you feel like a fool, remember that I have by the same action cured your folly... And I never do it without giving you plenty of laughing gas."

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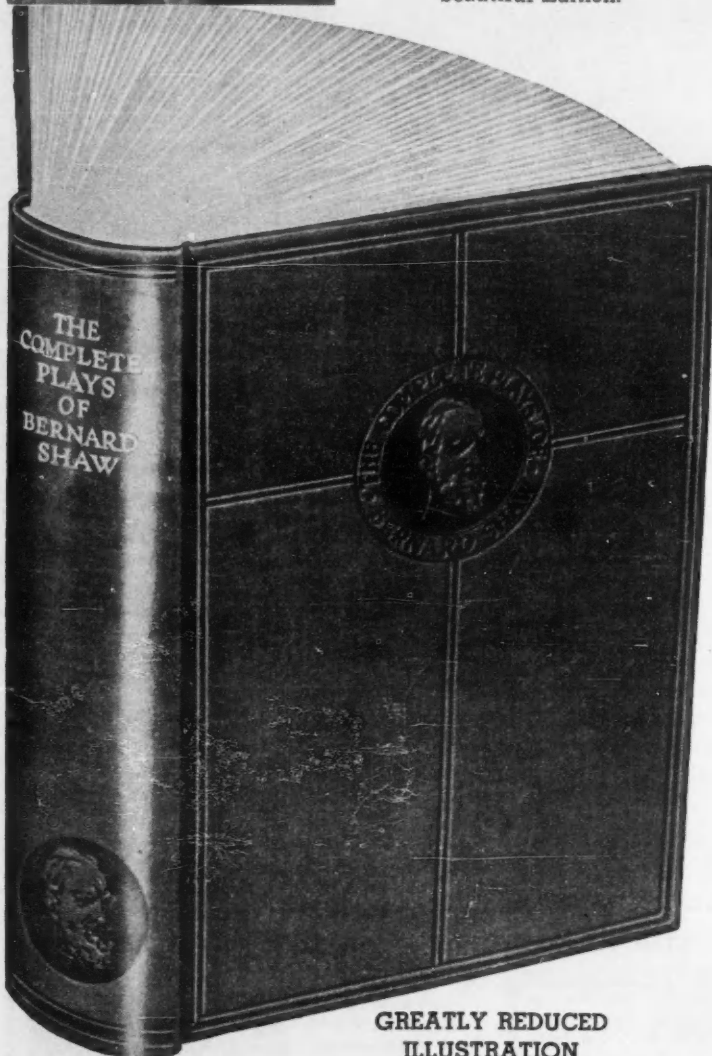
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BS

To think that she had gone to Julie, gone to Madeline, with a desperate need in her heart for the very words Andy, her husband, was saying now. The words were a benediction. She felt freed.



And Dakin Cusack was beginning to hit his stride. Twice, while Corda was in the hospital, Julie showed her Dakin's name in the news. And Julie bubbled over with wifely happiness. Certainly Julie's way seemed surer fire than Madeline's.

Lying there with the baby beside her, Corda knew only a great longing to hold tight to her happiness with Andy. Dear Andy! Those two years when he'd cared for his grandmother with such teasing tenderness, Corda's love for him had been an ache. Student nurses said to her, "Oh, Mrs. Sullivan, he's simply grand." His grandmother always referred to him as "high-lifed." Corda could think of nothing worse than for Andy to wear the hangdog unhappiness of Madeline's Herb.

Corda came home from the hospital with her first baby. She never even drove by to see what was happening to the house she had planned to remodel. She

settled down to be the kind of a wife who spurs a husband on to success.

Only once did she pitch into a remodelling job. They had bought, with a small payment down, a small cottage. Corda had the ash collector help her pry off its porch, and with Corda sawing the timbers into the right lengths and curves, they had built on a colonial entrance and put in a fan-lighted door, painted white. She had put on a wrought-iron knocker in the shape of a sea horse. They had lost the house when Andy lost his job with the insurance company. And the night before the vans came, a sleepless Corda got up about two-thirty and removed the sea-horse knocker.

Sometimes yet when she fumbled through a bureau drawer for little Tom's underwear, her hand touched the knocker and her fingers itched to bolt it onto a white colonial door. If only someone would say, "You and

Andy love each other so! What difference would your working make!" But there was so much insistence that it did. Even stories in the magazines said it did.

So Corda held tight to Julie's formula. But it didn't make Andy successful. And she was miserable. And there was this other thing; what had happened to the leaven, the zest to the love between the woman, Corda, and the man, Andy? Not that Andy was ever lacking in courtesy or tenderness to her . . . but neither had he lacked those with his old grandmother during her bed-ridden days.

MARTIN CONROY struck his match against the brick of the drugstore, said after three telling puffs, "I'll tell you why I wondered if you was still dabbling in houses. I've got one on my hands. It was such a giveaway, it'd been a sin not to take it. I ■■■ Continued on page 19



took a half minute for his face to light with recognition. "Miss Corda! Do you know I didn't know you for a minute?"

Corda was used to people saying that. Used to seeing their thoughts in their eyes: "You've changed so. You didn't used to look so strained and bewildered—and out of things." She was used to people exclaiming in honest wonder, "Why, Andy Sullivan, you haven't changed a bit!" Andy hadn't. In their courtship days he'd been tall and blond and ruddy, with the look of a fellow about two years out of college—and he still looked it.

In the drugstore, Martin Conroy picked out his pipe tobacco and Corda asked about this certain Vitamin B for Tom. The drug clerk said they didn't keep it in stock, but they'd order it for her. It was two dollars and a half a tube.

Corda hid her surprise and humiliation. She didn't have that much. She hadn't supposed it would be more than a dollar. She said, "Never mind ordering it. Mr. Sullivan can just pick it up downtown." Bitterness like a hot wind pushed through her. Mr. Sullivan indeed! He would be pleading the cause of the Forgotten Age with his own pockets empty. It was all his fault that Tom had fainted in the first place, his fault that Tom had to sleep on a couch in the front room whose only window was the kind that didn't open. Her bitterness raced on in swift cataloguing—his fault that Madeline had set up the Denvers as idols, for want of better . . .

The very swoop of bitterness frightened her. She thought sickly, "Why, you can love someone and still hate him—if your children are in need."

Martin Conroy was waiting outside the drugstore for her, tamping tobacco into his pipe bowl with his fore-

finger. He said, "Miss Corda, do you do any more house remodelling? Oh, that was a nice job you did on that big grey stone—how many years has it been now? I mind the flagstone walk I laid for you and you told me a body would have to be kidney-footed to walk on it." He added after his reminiscent chuckle had spent itself, "I'm doing my own contracting now."

Corda said slowly, "It was sixteen years ago. I haven't done over a house since then."

CORDA HAD been raised by her Uncle Nat. Nathaniel P. McVey, Contractor and Builder. From the time Corda could walk she had tagged after him around piles of gravel, picked her way over uncovered floor joists. By the time she was sixteen she was arguing with Uncle Nat about built-in features, while Uncle Nat's wife and Corda's older sister, Julie, who was marrying Dakin Cusack, talked of shower teas and appliqué. By the time Corda was eighteen, she was working with him. Uncle Nat was realizing a nice profit by buying old two-

skimpy on his stones and eventually, widened the walk.

(Oh, hadn't she been the cocky thing those days! Full of assurance and confidence. No wonder you didn't know me, Martin Conroy. That was the real Corda—tingly and alive. This is just a woman on the side lines, taut and tired from wanting Andy to succeed.)

Uncle Nat was in the hospital by the time Corda brought him news of the sale. Above all expenses Corda had cleared for herself \$362.40. At the foot of Uncle Nat's bed, Corda was fidgety with plans. She'd found another house to start work on. "Get an option on it and swing it yourself," Uncle Nat said. "And with this job you can go whole hog on the profit."

"You hurry up and get well," Corda had said, "and I'll hurry up and have the baby—and we'll get going again."

IT WAS shortly after this that Julie came to see Corda. She brought a bath set for the coming baby—but that wasn't why she came. Julie had been married to her

## MADELINE

"We can't help it if we're ambitious. So if we happen to marry a man who can't get us some place—then, I say chip out a life for ourselves doing the work we like."



## JULIE

had a recipe for a happy marriage. If a woman made a home for a man and believed in him, the man would rise to great heights, and the wife, sharing the glory for which she was responsible, would be happy.

Illustrated by Harry Timmins

story homes and remodelling them into two-family houses.

Corda was going with Andy Sullivan then. They chummed with another couple, Madeline and Herb. Madeline and Herb were married, but Corda and Andy had to postpone marriage because Andy's old grandmother who had brought up Andy, was, as the realistic Madeline put it, taking two years to die.

Life had been rich and full for Corda. Remodelling houses and loving Andy. Andy stopping by for her and rubbing the paint stains off her cheek with turpentine; Andy singing, "Oh—I fell in love with a bricklayer." Even after Andy and Corda were married, she worked on with Uncle Nat though Aunt Adelaide and Julie disapproved volubly.

Uncle Nat bought the grey-stone house. How many backs of envelopes they had drawn remodelling plans on. They'd stop at hamburger stands and figure the cost of French windows on paper napkins. Then Uncle Nat got down in bed with his high blood pressure. "You take over the job yourself, Corda. Whatever you make over the cost price, you can split with me."

Corda took it over. For four of the happiest months of her life, she had stepped over paint buckets; she sketched corner cupboards on shingles. She fought with the electrician. She teased Martin Conroy about his flagstone walk until he admitted maybe he had been

struggling young lawyer for five years. She said earnestly to Corda, "Oh, Corda, women make such a mistake to keep on working after marriage. They don't realize it, but they're robbing their husbands of a man's birthright—the right to be the breadwinner." Julie told about seeing Andy on the street and of Andy saying to her, "Can you imagine little old Corda making more on her house than I make peddling insurance?"

"But Andy was just as tickled as I was about the profit on the house," Corda had said. "He was the one who heard about those folks from the West wanting a house in that neighborhood."

Julie had said, "Of course he wouldn't let on to you, Corda. Men never do. But just the same their manhood wilts. Look what Madeline's radio job is doing to Herb. He says that he's just 'Madeline's husband' now."

Fate, as well as Julie, seemed to be against Corda's going on with houses. While she was in the hospital with the girl baby she named after Madeline, Uncle Nat died suddenly. Uncle Nat with his encouragement and advice could have counteracted Aunt Adelaide's and Julie's disapproval. There was still another knocking out of props. Madeline's and Herb's marriage was breaking up. Madeline sent a present to her namesake from New York, where she had gone on a radio-writing assignment, while Herb had much to say about women who wore the pants in the family.

dictators, and two children hadn't stopped her. Nothing had stopped her until a London cab had taken John's life one foggy night. She had stayed on, living quietly in a small English village, waiting for time to heal her grief. And now at last she was coming home.

Aunt Het and Aunt Myra loved Susan, even if they'd never approved her way of life. Besides she was a Penfield. They put their aristocratic old noses together, and went to work.

The big old house must be cleaned. The old mahogany must be removed from storage. Aunt Myra would introduce Susan to the people she should know. Aunt Het would lend her Mrs. Kelly to come clean for her. The elder daughter would enter Cranbrook college of course. Horace—he was Myra's husband—would handle Susan's affairs. He must curb her extravagance.

In two hours Aunt Het and Aunt Myra, out of the goodness of their hearts, had disposed of Susan's life right down to the last crumb. They had forgotten

nothing in their discussion—excepting one small item. "This Tookie," Aunt Het said. "Who on earth is she?"

"That's the ridiculous nickname Susan gave her younger child," Myra replied. "We won't have to worry about her. She's just a little girl. She's only seven or eight."

MEANWHILE Susan was by no means ready for the Penfields. How wonderful to be going home. No more caving, "Carol, don't forget your gas mask." No more saying, "Why, this is fun, Tookie. This is a game we're playing."

Susan Hall was forty-one. Somehow it didn't matter whether she was beautiful or not. You didn't notice, and you didn't care. Her face was alive, eager and responsive. You knew she had laughed hard every day of her life. Not the polite small cackling which precedes an "Oh, my dear, how really amusing." Not laughter from the side lines, but from the middle of the fun.

On shipboard Susan spent many hours telling her two daughters about Cranbrook. She drew pictures of the old house. She described the uncles, and the cousins, and the aunts. She dusted memories until they shone.

She was so proud of her girls. Carol was really lovely—so unspoiled and natural. And Tookie was altogether adorable with her mop of curly hair and her big brown eyes, brimming with mischief. Life had not yet laid its cold hand on little Tookie. Even the war had not touched her. Tookie was still a happy little girl.

No—Susan was not ready for the Penfields.

One afternoon, three months later, Tookie sat on the front steps of the big old house, watching the other children come home from school.

Tookie didn't go to school. Like most youngsters who have been on the go all their lives, she was far ahead in some things and behind in others. With Susan's help Tookie was catching up at home.

She sat on the lower step by herself. Something was wrong. Something hurt somewhere. Tookie didn't know what it was, or where it was. She only knew how it felt.

In the living room Susan and Carol were talking again. It was the new kind of talk that went through Tookie like a knife across a plate. It wouldn't do any good to interrupt. Tookie had tried that. Susan would just say, "Tookie, dear, run and play. Mother's busy."

The voices and the words came out to her, Carol's soft voice high now and harsh with resentment.

"But mother, I'm so unhappy. Here we live, right on the edge of the campus, and what do I do? I go to classes and come home. I'm not part of it. I don't belong."

Susan's voice answered, deep with worry. "Now, Carol, listen to me. Naturally it will take time for you to feel adjusted. Aunt Myra says—"

"Don't," Carol cried. "Don't say it. I know what Aunt Myra says. She's always telling me I mustn't be a drag on you. She says I mustn't expect to go to college like other girls whose fathers are alive and able to do for them."

"But Carol, Aunt Myra did have her granddaughter ask you to her sorority for lunch."

"Yes, she did, and I went, and Elise was nice to me as one is nice to a poor relative. She even speaks to me on campus. But that's all."

"Carol, it takes time. It takes patience and—"

"I know. It takes character. That's Aunt Het's word. That's all she talks about. Do you know what I think? I think our precious Penfields like to see us sidetracked."

"Carol!"

"Well, look at you, mother. You're young and lovely. They treat you as if your life was over."

Susan's voice became curiously flat.

"Carol, dear, I know what you mean. I understand better than you think. I've thought sometimes that perhaps they still resented my elopement. I'm sure they mean to be kind, but there's something wrong in their whole attitude to life, something that bewilders me."

Carol said, "It's in that awful poor-Susan-pussy-pussy tone they use, and Uncle Horace forever reminding us that we're poor, and Aunt Myra introducing you only to women her age, and dragging you to those endless lectures on what's wrong with the world."

Susan laughed suddenly.

"You know this Professor Osborne who lives next door? Carol, if Aunt Myra takes me to another of his evening lectures, I'll disgrace myself in public. Of all the dull, learned bores—"

"Mother, what are we going to do?"

"I don't know. Now stop crying, dear. Dry your eyes. I don't want Tookie to know anything's troubling us, and Mrs. Kelly is due any minute now."

AT THE MENTION of Mrs. Kelly, Tookie picked herself from the step and walked quickly to the street. The hurt feeling disappeared as if by magic. She stood on the curb, scuffing her toes, looking up and down eagerly. ☆ Continued on next page

*It's a fair question . . . take a moment and think it over! Are you? Whatever you decide, don't, we beg you, miss this light-hearted and persuasive love story*

by MARGARET CRAVEN



Mrs. Kelly was standing over the stove and Tookie was setting the table. Professor Osborne banged on the kitchen door and opened it wide. "Put on two more plates, Tookie," he said. "You have visitors."

Illustrated by Arthur Sarnoff



WHEN the war finally chased Susan Hall and her two children home from Europe, the Penfields were ready and waiting for them.

On the day the news arrived, Aunt Het was having tea with her sister Myra. They were seated in Aunt Myra's elegant drawing-room, lingering over their third cup, and discussing—as they always did—the deplorable state of the world in general, and of Cranbrook in particular.

Dead Penfields had built Cranbrook, and living Penfields still thought they owned it. They considered themselves its last bulwark of civilization, and heaven knows how long they were going to be able to stand up to the job with so many of the townspeople behaving as they were.

Why only yesterday Mrs. Kelly—she was Aunt Het's cleaning woman—had come to work in a new car and a fur coat. Obviously pleased with herself, she had given Aunt Het an account of her life—between attacks on the furniture.

And what a tale! Aunt Het shuddered as she repeated it to Myra. At seventeen Mrs. Kelly had married a horrible man who owned a saloon, drank up the business, got himself killed in a fight, and left her with four children to raise and ten cows to milk twice a day.

"And what do you think she said about it?" asked Aunt Het. "She said, 'Sure, Miss Penfield, and I've had a glorious life.'"

Aunt Myra was stunned, but not permanently. She had recovered sufficiently to tell Het that this was the sort of thing one must expect in these terrible times, when Higgins brought in the card, postmarked England. She plucked it from the silver salver.

"Why, it's from Susan," she said.

"Good gracious," said Aunt Het. "Read it, Myra."

Aunt Myra read aloud: "Coming home to stay. Tell Mr. Dinwiddie not to rent my house. See you soon. Love. Susan."

"Is that all?" asked Aunt Het weakly.

"No, there's a postscript. 'Tookie says the map on

the other side will show you how to reach the village where we've been living.'"

They turned over the card, and gazed upon a dead black surface, enlivened only by a tiny white cross. For a moment neither spoke. Then Aunt Het set down her cup with a nervous clink.

"How like Susan," she said. "Always flippant, even in the face of blackout and bombs falling. I'm afraid, Myra, she's learned little from her years of wandering."

Certainly Susan had never come by learning easily. Orphaned at twenty-one, she had thrown up a perfectly good job to elope with a charming, wild newspaperman, and go gallivanting off to Europe, crazy with love and devoid of funds. No safety for Susan. No peace. Not even a home to call her own. Europe was always an oven of trouble, and John Hall was always inside with the door shut. For years Susan had followed him around, like a happy little dog, parking herself in some pension just out of range, confident that John would escape the fire and come back to her unscorched. Wars,

# ARE YOU HAVING

# Any Fun?



# Marriage Is My Career

By M. L. YOUNG

Drawings by E. Mawson



SHALL I marry—or train for a career?"

I've heard this question discussed many, many times. Recently I was with a group of young friends who were talking about it, and they looked at me in amazement, when I said suddenly, "Marriage is my career!"

"This is what I mean," I explained. "A career, or life job, to be really worth while, should be a definite contribution to society and my country. That's the way I feel about it, anyway. If it is—then it's worth putting the work of a lifetime into it. I don't think there's anything more important to society than a home where everyone is happy. And I know, by experience, that there's nothing that can mean more to a family, than a home where each member is fortified in every way to meet life outside it."

Marriage, to many people, is the end or goal. They marry for every reason under the sun, and then because they put little into it, get little or nothing from it. Many people complain of lost romance, incompatibility and monotony, and feel they have had a sad fate because they picked the wrong partner.

Marriage is not a gamble; it is not a game of chance. It is like hockey or baseball, perhaps, for you must learn to play, and the zest and skill with which you play determines whether you win or lose.

You choose your partner; it is not "just luck." Marriage is not the end of the story, except in fairy tales. It is only the beginning, the foundation on which homes are built.

When I was fifteen years old I decided that what I wanted to do more than anything else was to marry and have a large family! My mother told me that if that's what I wanted to do I must train myself for the work I wanted just as definitely as anyone who prepares for any profession. So I began to "learn the business." I helped mother with the younger children from the time they were babies. I

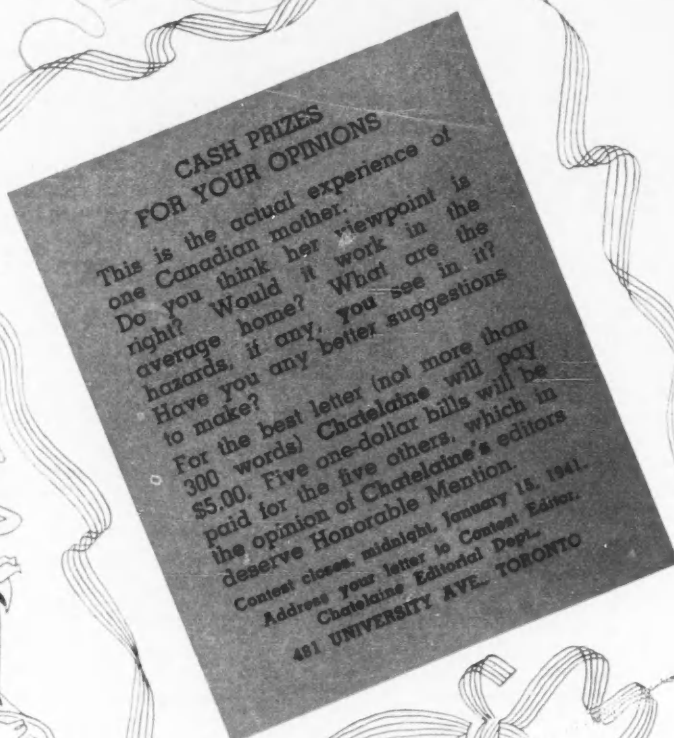
learned to sew, cook, bake, plan meals for the family, and to can fruits and vegetables. I read every article I found on child training and took several courses in cooking. I cared for the children of friends, and "kept house" for friends and relatives at various times. I took a course in first aid also—and, believe me, I have had many occasions to use it too!

There was nothing spectacular about my romance. I married a lad who had been in the same class in collegiate at seventeen. Because we were interested in so many of the same things we became good friends. But if anyone had told me then that I would marry him, I would have told them in no uncertain terms that they were crazy! Our friendship was such a natural thing that we thought nothing more about it. I left school the next year to help at home, and for a couple of months did not see him. When we met again, it seemed as if we had been separated for years instead of months, so we built on our friendship and later were engaged. We were very much in love when we married at twenty-two.

With my husband's help I have always approached my marriage with the same point of view that anyone approaches an important job. I knew what I wanted to do. I had trained for it as much as I could. From the start my husband and I had a definite plan for our marriage.

We began our married life on the basis that we could not live without each other—so we must learn how to live together! To do this we developed certain rules of conduct which I have since found are much the same rules as those to be found in any successful business.

For example, we took pride in our marriage just as my husband takes pride in his firm's name. We did not carry tales about our quarrels and problems to either friends or relatives. During the first year we were married we lived entirely away from our people. Sometimes I would get lonely and fed-up and would catch the next train "home to mother." But my love for my husband and my sense of loyalty to him kept my mouth shut. Folks could ■ Continued on page 33



Mawson





And sure enough—there in the distance came Mrs. Kelly's great new car—secondhand and antiquated—and at the wheel sat Mrs. Kelly in her new fur coat—muskrat and donated by a loving customer.

Mrs. Kelly was of indefinite age, large hulk, unbounded health and tremendous gusto. She drew in the driveway with a flourish and a smile—Aunt Het said it was her only facial expression—and she bounced out with a hearty, "Bless my soul, Tookie, Are you going to be helping me today?"

Tookie was. She helped carry in the mops, the pails and the scrubbing rags, tagging Mrs. Kelly's every step. Together they charged the kitchen door, and Mrs. Kelly called into the air, "Hello, Mrs. Hall. It's Kelly. I'll have you cleaned up in no time. No time at all."

The house had become suddenly alive and exciting. Presently Tookie was in the kitchen, cutting out cookies. Kelly was attacking her sworn enemy, dirt, calling out to Susan, and Susan answering in her old voice. And then at last the cookies were done, and Tookie was perched on the kitchen stool, watching Kelly on her hands and knees, going at the linoleum.

"Mrs. Kelly," said Tookie, "do you like Aunt Het and Aunt Myra?"

Kelly sat back on her heels.

"Well-l-l-l," she said. "They're fine women."

"But do you like them, Mrs. Kelly?"

"Well-l-l-l, they're a right spiffy sort. Yes, I do. Yes, I do like them. Of course they're a mite particular, and a mite sour." She lifted her big face close to Tookie's little one. "There's a word that suits the likes of them. I'll be whispering it. It's a decent word, but not one to go yelling."

She whispered it. They both giggled.

"Oh, my!" Kelly said. "What am I saying? Sometimes I forget you're not grown, Tookie, with your wise little ways."

She got up quickly and drew fresh water at the sink.

"Professor Osborne's working in his garden again," she said loudly. "Now there's a right nice man. I'm cleaning him next week. He's writing a book. He says nobody will ever read it, but he's writing it anyway. Do you know what he does when his brains get stuck? He whittles. He makes little figures no bigger than that. Dogs and cats. People too."

Kelly's work was almost done. She finished the floor, called to Susan that she was through, collected her mops and brushes, and with Tookie's help loaded them into her car. With a great rattle she was gone.

The excitement was gone too. The house was suddenly unbearably lonely. Tookie went out into the yard, looking for something to do.

Through the hedge she could see Professor Osborne. He didn't look like a learned bore to Tookie. He looked rather like a large friendly owl. He was separating the iris, puffing at the job, and his hair—what there was of it—was standing up front in a rumpled peak.

Tookie chose a thin spot in the hedge and wriggled through.

Every time Professor Osborne leaned over the iris border, his glasses slid down his nose, and every time he raised a dirty hand to poke them in place, he muttered large words which Tookie did not understand.

"What did you say?" she asked.



## War Guest

By Edna Jaques

Step out bravely little son,  
You are much too small to know,  
Why they sent you over here  
(Did they weep to see you go?)  
Sending you away alone,  
Out into the dark unknown.

Step out bravely little one,  
Hands are waiting, hearts are warm,  
Reaching out to bring you in,  
From the fury of the storm.  
You're much too young to realize,  
Death can come from sunny skies.

Step out bravely, let me see,  
Little lad with curls ashine,  
Are you half-past two or three,  
(Just about the age of mine),  
Full of childish mirth and joy,  
Such a happy little boy.

Take my hand and we will go,  
Where the fields are warm and sweet.  
Quiet beds to dream upon,  
Country paths for little feet.  
Welcome to our daily fare,  
All we have is yours to share.

Professor Osborne dropped his trowel and looked around.

"Ah-h-h—I was talking to myself," he announced with dignity and a bit of a twinkle.

"Have you any little girls?" Tookie asked hopefully.

"Ah-h-h-h—no. No-o-o, I can't say I have."

"Why?"

"Well-l-l-l, as a matter of fact I haven't even a wife."

"Do you have to have a wife to have some little girls?"

"Well-l-l-l," said Professor Osborne, "it's customary."

"Why? And why don't you have a wife? Won't anybody have you?"

Professor Osborne took out a large grimy handkerchief and wiped his brow.

"Does your head hurt?" asked Tookie solicitously.

"It didn't," he said, "but it's beginning to."

"Why? On account of it's being so stuffed with learning?"

Professor Osborne grinned. "So that's what you've heard about me, is it?" he said. "Well, let me tell you something, young lady. It's a slander."

His voice lowered. "If you won't say that word *why* again, I'll tell you a secret. If I shake my head the least bit, my brains rattle."

That day Tookie made a new friend.

WITH THE strange astuteness of a child, she said nothing about it when she went home. But that evening when it was time to kiss Susan and go up to bed, she drew out the process as long as she could.

Susan was shortening a dress for Carol. Tookie stood watching her, and then she said slowly, "Susan, why don't we have fun any more?"

Susan put down her sewing. "Why, Tookie! Darling!"

"Do you remember when we were in Italy," Tookie said, "and daddy went away to the war, and I kissed him on the chin, and you said he couldn't shave that spot all the time he was gone? When he came back he had a tiny billy goat beard. Of course it was only stuck on with glue, but it was fun."

"Tookie, dear, you don't remember that. You've just heard mother and Carol talking about it."

"Well, I remember the time he chased you, and put shaving cream on your face, and kissed you—"

"Tookie, dear, you run along to bed now."

Tookie approached the stairs with the dispatch of a snail. She caught hold of the banister and dragged herself up the first step.

"It was silly," she said, "but it was fun. I can't imagine Uncle Horace putting shaving cream on Aunt Myra's face. She's such a pickle puss."

"Tookie!"

"Well, she is. She's an awful ole pickle puss. Everybody knows she's a pickle puss. I suppose that's what we're going to be. We'll just sit around and wait to turn into pickle puss."

Susan stood up quickly.

"Tookie," she said, "that isn't a nice word for a little girl to use. Aunt Myra is a—a fine, good woman. I never want to hear you use that word again, Tookie."

Tookie made another step.

"Well, anyway," she said, "she's a you-know-what. She's just a you-know-what," and with a sudden burst of speed

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**What is she really like? Few people know. This first-hand account is told by a young Canadian journalist just home from England**

**by ALICE HEMING**

to fashionable London before her engagement was made known, had every right to accept the honor of becoming the wife of the current Duke of Marlborough's cousin. On her mother's side she came from the aristocratic house of Airlie, whose sons and daughters have long been famous for their good looks and their high place at Court. She was Scottish on both sides of her house. Her father, who died before she met Winston, was Colonel Sir Henry M. Hozier, K.C.B., who for a long time was Secretary to Lloyd's. It was through Winston's famous and beautiful mother, who was herself a reigning personality in the society of three capitals—New York, London, and Paris—that the young couple met. She had seen a good deal of life, and she had seen a good deal of her impetuous, brilliant son. She knew that the time had come for him to take a wife. The small house in Mayfair where he had been living with his younger brother John, was no longer suitable for the President of the Board of Trade, and since he was obviously set on a career in politics, she knew how important the right wife would be for him. None of the orthodox young dancing debutantes would do, for Winston seldom danced and was in no sense of the word to be classed a playboy. She knew that so tempestuous a character as Winston's required qualities of forbearance and patience, understanding and constancy, in the woman who was to be his wife. His was a personality that must dominate the dinner-table conversation.

In the eldest daughter of her friend, Lady Blanche Hozier, Winston's mother felt she had found a hand-picked mate for her brilliantly unorthodox, and at times rather difficult, son. She arranged the first meeting of the unsuspecting pair to take place at Blenheim Palace, spiritual home of the Churchills, where she herself had first been taken as a bride, and where Winston had been born, prematurely, during her first year of married life. There was a whirlwind romance, and with his usual insistence that things to be done should be settled without delay, Winston persuaded Clementine to marry him at once. Thirty years later, writing his life story, Winston Churchill summed up the enduring wonder of the whole romance: "It was in 1908 that I met a young lady of dazzling

beauty who consented to be my wife. We had a wonderful wedding at St. Margaret's with enormous crowds in the streets, and everybody gave us presents without the slightest regard for politics.

"This was much the most fortunate and joyous event which happened to me in the whole of my life, for what can be more glorious than to be united in one's walk through life with a being incapable of ignoble thought?"

OF COURSE it was to Blenheim, home of the Duke of Marlborough, just as his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, had done before him, that Winston first took his bride. The honeymoon in Northern Italy was interrupted to fulfill a political engagement in Manchester, as Winston was eager to get on with the future. It seemed that Winston was anxious to show off his bride to his constituents. She was only twenty-three

Clementine Churchill has always been closely concerned with her children's interests. With her younger daughter Sarah, it's always been stage.

In the career of her son Randolph, Mrs. Churchill has lived again the political activities she knew with her famous husband. The three of them are shown in lower right.

Someone called her "The woman behind the man behind the Empire." Here (at left), she works at some war activity.

years old, yet she faced her first audience with so much diffidence and sincerity that she soon won over the hard-headed Lancastrians.

A month after the wedding Parliament reopened, and while Winston took up his arduous job as President of the Board of Trade, his young wife was being launched in London in her position as the life partner of a prominent politician.

The youthful Mrs. Churchill was something new in political circles. All the old-established menages of Members of Parliament in 1908 were ruled over by solidly established matrons who followed a set program from which there was never the slightest deviation. Dinner parties proceeded with a measured tread until the recognized hour—early—for going home. The young wife introduced an element of freshness and a possibility of the unexpected. She was bright and talented, and notables soon found that conversation at her table was pleasantly stimulating. It was dominated of course by Winston. His wife's enormous amount of common sense and her tact proved two of her chief blessings. Her husband was proud of her. She could talk fluently with the leading ambassadors in their own tongues.

Most week-ends during their first years of matrimony found the young couple at the house of Winston's mother, who five years after Lord Randolph Churchill's death married Major Cornwallis-West. In spite of the steadying influence she

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ON August 8, 1908, there appeared in the *Ladies' Field Magazine* of London, England, a bold full-page portrait of a good-looking young lady.

It was a face of refinement and beauty. The rather large, firm mouth was softened by an upward tilt at each corner. The brows were thick and fairly straight—determined-looking brows. The thick brown hair was parted in the centre and waved back loosely on either side. The grey eyes were wide-set, enormous and intelligent.

Yes, the photograph was striking. But it was the caption underneath that really made society of thirty-three years ago sit up with a jolt. For it announced the engagement of Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill to the mysterious

young lady of the portrait—Miss Clementine Hozier.

Who was she? No one knew. Winston Churchill, the man she was to marry, was one of London's most eligible bachelors. And he was no ordinary young man. Already as soldier, journalist and politician, he had had an exciting and dazzling career. His book on his father—Lord Randolph Churchill—was a hit. At thirty-three, Winston was the youngest Cabinet Minister of the time. As the newly appointed President of the Board of Trade he was once more showing his exceptional ability to concentrate his entire stock of energy on one interest, to the exclusion of anything else.

But Clementine Hozier, although comparatively unknown



# A STAR for SUSAN

What mystery in the deserted old quarry was Susan trying to hide?

for other people if you stand up and fight those things instead of giving in to your own soft feelings."

Susan stared at him.

"Why," he went on, "I wouldn't be surprised, if you let yourself go long enough, you'll be having things like sick headaches. You'll be a migraine addict. Kid yourself into a lot of misery that nobody'll get you out of, if you let it go long enough." He held the glass out to her. "Drink it," he said.

Susan drank. There was something in the water that stung her.

"I'm all right," she said. Then, coldly, "Is what you said to me true, or were you just trying to shock me into being able to help you?"

He made a wry grimace. "If you put it that way, maybe a little of both."

"But I want to know," said Susan. "I was going to ask you some things. If you're going to be soft, and

placating, and generally dishonest, then I might as well stop now."

He screwed his face up in a tight knot. He untied it again, smoothed it out, and looked at her. "All right. I don't apologize for yelling at you. I hope I swore at you. You're not a patient of mine, more a friend of mine, so I'll tell you what I think of your kind—at least what I thought was your kind. I'm beginning to qualify."

"Well, what?"

"Well, you make me sick, that's what."

Susan took it quietly. "That's fine. Now we're getting somewhere. Why do I make you sick?"

"Because," he said evenly, "you're the kind of person who tries to protect herself, coddle herself, at the expense of somebody else."

"You sure of that?" Susan asked sweetly.

"Yes, I'm sure of that. Why does the sight of blood make you ill? There's nothing poisonous in it. There's

nothing physiological in it. All that happens is that you don't like it, it frightens you; you let yourself go, you pull back so far you turn yourself inside out. That's all. Pure selfishness. You can't call it anything else." He looked down at her again. "Remember the other day, when you were cleaning the stove?"

"Yes."

"Do you like stove polish? Do you like touching it, getting it under your fingernails, smudging your face with it?"

Susan stared at him.

"I know, the instinctive repulsion isn't anywhere near as great. But it's exactly the same idea. Only, you're thinking about the stove. How much nicer a clean stove looks than an unpolished one. Aren't you? You aren't thinking about you, about how the feel of the polish makes your fingers pull away from it and your mouth curl. That would be silly, wouldn't it? Rather childish and ridiculous. Wouldn't it?"

Susan said slowly, "Thank you, Doctor Hathaway."

Jim reached over suddenly and took her hand. He gave it a quick warm squeeze. "You're such a nice little kid," he said impulsively.

THE MORELS were having an important conference with Susan in the dining room, and Mrs. Hathaway and Jim had dropped in on it. They were deciding on the color of the floor covering which was going to be bought today. Susan had been at the Morels' for two weeks; she had been anxious to refurnish the dining room ever since the day of her first arrival, but it would not have been fair to do it without Minna. Minna was downstairs today for the first time, looking a little pale but otherwise well.

"These bare boards are wrong," said Susan. "We'll never build up a proper clientele unless the place looks right. Don't you agree with that, Mrs. Hathaway?"

"Yes," Mrs. Hathaway said thoughtfully. "Last year, with your little eating stand on the edge of the highway, you got people like truck drivers and tourists with carloads of children. You wanted them. Now you want another group of people entirely. I don't see where they're to come from, but I do know that if you're going ahead at all you must be ready for them when they do come."

"They'll come," Susan said confidently. "As soon as we're ready for them, we'll think of ways to get them. And when it's all transformed, we ought to have a formal opening. We need to make some sort of big splash and bring the Fleur-de-lis to people's attention."

"But who do we splash with?" Jean enquired mournfully. "That is the question."

Jim said jocosely, "Well, how about somebody like Sir Harry Nicol-Stewart. Get him here once, feed him the way you've fed me a few times, Jean, maybe with a few licks of extra trimmings, and you'd be made. He'll be going past here in a couple of weeks, you know—to open the bridge at Spencer's Springs. You know how he is about fine food."

His mother said reproachfully, "Jim, one doesn't get a man like that just by asking him. He'd be run off his feet. Don't suggest impossible things, dear, however pleasant they'd be."

Jean's eyes were shining. "It is a beautiful thought," he said, and then sighed heavily. "Such dreams are not for us."

But Susan, laying her samples on the table, tying them together again, was thinking hard. Jean was right. One visit from a famous gourmet like Sir Harry and Jean was made. Jean's food was the sort that would win completely Sir Harry's gourmet respect and admiration.

He would come if she asked him.

But it was not for a day or more that she thought of a way of asking him that would not put ideas into Jean's head about her own identity.

THE ONLY place in Cedarvale where one could buy linoleum was the Parsons' department store. Mayor Parsons, Marian's father, was a good business head, and he carried a huge stock of everything the people in town or countryside could possibly want. As Susan entered the store the next day she paused a moment to check her list, and realized suddenly that somebody was looking at her.

She lifted her eyes, startled, and there was a man beside the counter with his head turned in her direction. He was a tall man, and in a way strikingly handsome; he had dark hair that curled thickly on a well-shaped



# CHATELAINE SERIAL

By FRANCES  
SHELLEY WEES

SUSAN VAN WYCK has run away from her wealthy home to live in the small town of Cedarvale. When she is twenty-one she will inherit most of the money left by her wealthy father and her reason for leaving her mother and older sister, DAPHNE, and going to Cedarvale, is that she is unable to bear their continual scheming about the inheritance.

She lives with a French-Canadian couple, JEAN and MINNA MOREL, who run a restaurant in the town.

MAYOR PARSONS' daughter, MARIAN, has been engaged for a number of years to an ambitious young doctor, JIM HATHAWAY. He is hoping to buy a property near Cedarvale for the erection of a much needed hospital. Marian feels that this scheme will interfere with their marriage, so she gets her father to buy the property secretly.

Susan drives Jim to the scene of an accident. There is no nurse, so Jim asks her to help him in the operation in the farmhouse. He is impatient with her when she feels faint at the sight of blood and tells her to get out if she can't be of assistance.

NOBODY had ever spoken to her like that in her life. Even her mother was sympathetic over Susan's sensitiveness.

"Go on," Jim said sternly.

Susan went. She got out the door and down into the grass. She walked along in the cool greenness to the back of the house.

After a while she found herself there, leaning against the grindstone. Her head was whirling. Her legs would hardly hold her up.

This man needs help. But I can't help, Susan said. "Susan!"

Jim came to the door. He looked at her steadily. "Come on," he said. "I've got to stitch this gash and you'll have to help. There's nobody else."

The tears came into Susan's eyes. She shook her head. "I can't," she said in a stifled voice. "I can't, I can't." Then, "Look at me. I can't."

He said grimly, "I'm looking at you. I've got your number. Spoiled brat, that's what you are. Stop being sorry for yourself and thinking about your silly stomach, and get in here."

The shock of his words left Susan gasping. She stared at him. Rage surged over her, and hatred of this tall, cold-voiced insufferable person who was daring . . .

"This man's bleeding to death," he said flatly. "Think about him instead of yourself."

There was nothing to do but go through the door he opened for her. All right, Susan said to herself bitterly, all right, you Jim Hathaway. I'll come and I'll faint, that's what will happen, and then . . .

But she didn't faint; not even when, with her hands on the injured man's cold flesh, the quick needle stabbed the edges of the wound; she felt worse than she had ever felt in her life, wretchedly ill, dizzy and whirling, but she gritted her teeth and held her throat tight, and almost before she realized it, the thing was over.

Jim stood up.

The basin was on the chair. Susan, still furious with him, picked it up, stalked to the door with it, came back in a moment, filled it with warm water from the reservoir and set it down on the kitchen table in front of Jim.

"Thank you," he said, and dipped his hands into it.

It was at that moment that another car stopped in the lane and three or four women came rushing in. Mrs.

Bert Hessey was the first one, and she was excited and frightened, but she had been through this sort of thing before. There was nothing more that Susan needed to do.

It was a good thing.

In another few moments Susan found herself out beside the grindstone again, leaning her head against the house, feeling desperately weak and helpless and alone. She wanted to cry.

Jim Hathaway came around the corner of the house. He had a glass in his hand, full of water that bubbled. "Drink this," he said briefly.

Susan said, "Go away, please."

He looked down at her and his face was very solemn, but there was something in his eye that Susan definitely did not like. He stood holding the glass. He said, "Apparently you are offended. That's natural enough. I'm sorry I had to be so abrupt."

"I suppose," Susan said icily, "that you think you're such a marvellous doctor you can change people's whole make-up just by saying so. Cure things by words. It must be wonderful to be so powerful."

The glint in his eye deepened. Susan found herself getting more and more angry.

He said equably, "I wish I could do things like that. But I can't, not when there's anything really wrong with people. It wouldn't have done much good to say abracadabra to Bert's leg. But there's nothing the matter with you. You've just been kidding yourself, that's all. Probably you thought you needed sympathy, and this was the only way you could get it. You're a nice little kid, much too sensible for that kind of nonsense. Do you think anybody likes the sight of blood, or the smell of it? Do you think doctors and nurses are made with especially thick skins? Don't be a fool. Nobody likes pain and ugliness. Only it's much better





*"Let's ask Mother if we can have it for lunch!"*

**B**RIGHT red bowls of Campbell's Tomato Soup are always a treat to the youngsters. They never have to be coaxed to eat it! Often, when mothers serve it, they do so because the youngsters have asked for it. This is the soup they like best of all—the soup with the lively, delicious flavor that makes them enjoy every spoonful. And whether *they* know it or not, Campbell's Tomato

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head, and dark eyes that seemed to be laughing all the time. The kind of man who is immediately attractive to women, and knows it. He was watching Susan now with a little half-smile, and when she looked up his eyelids drooped a little. He expected her to smile in return.

But Susan did not smile. He was Derry's sort of man, and there was nothing she disliked more. He was worse than Derry, more physical, less subtle, less discriminating. She was a little country girl to him, in a pink linen dress, and he was the devastating male.

The grocery manager, bent over a pad of paper on the counter, straightened and said, "There, I guess that'll hold us, Brownie. We don't use so much flour in the summertime."

Susan walked down the aisle and turned to go into the furniture department. She heard the flour salesman say, in a voice certainly intended for her ears, "Who's the little thing with the figure?"

This was a horrid day. Susan hated it. Life was nasty and cheap. Nothing in it was remote, clean, pure, free. Maybe that would be one advantage of having money . . . you could buy yourself remoteness, couldn't you? Maybe, when people were so—so earthy, there wasn't any reason for thinking about them. If fate gave you a chance at being free from grubbiness and conniving, why not take it?

That was running away again. That was slipping out alone behind the house and saying, I can't, I can't. And having to have somebody who was really strong call you, Susan! Come here and help whether you can or not.

She said aloud, suddenly, "I came in here to buy linoleum."

Susan wandered about looking for the linoleums for a few minutes, found them, and looked at them for some time without any clerk coming to serve her. Across the section, under a window, all the clerks seemed to be gathered about a special display piece. Susan was about to go and interrupt them and ask for service when she saw that the display piece was a cheap imitation of the decoration on Daphne's fireplace, and that the tall girl in the middle of the group was Marian Parsons.

The salesman was saying, "It's the very newest thing, Miss Parsons. If you want a thing that's original and smart, you couldn't do better. It looks swell on a real fireplace. The big city decorators are all using it."

Marian Parsons said in her round even voice, "Well, I don't know. You'd have to change your whole room to go with it. I can't see rose-colored velours draperies and overstuffed chairs and an upright piano, with this. It would be awful."

"But you'll be doing your house over, won't you?"

After a minute Marian said, "I'm not sure." And then, as if she couldn't help it, "It probably won't be worth it."

Susan knew what she meant as soon as the words were voiced. She knew exactly. She could plan out Jim's and Marian's future from those words, and Mrs. Hathaway's, too.

Marian turned. "Dorothy," she said sharply. "Come here and tell me what you think."

Dorothy? That was Marian's little sister, the only Parsons that Susan had not yet seen. She had been sitting down, too, in a chair on the other side of the room, in the shadow under the window. She got up at

Marian's command and came obediently forward. She was a little girl, too, about Susan's height, with very soft fair hair and a look of fragility about her shoulders and hands.

There was something queer about her. Not quite . . . "Do you like it?" Marian said.

Dorothy's voice was low, listless. "Not very much," she said. "There isn't anything about it to like."

She was oddly dressed, perhaps that was what was wrong with her. It was a hot day, a very hot day for June; but she was wearing a flannel dress, navy blue,



Jean Morel

with a sort of butcher-boy smock for a top, hanging loose from the shoulders. It was a pretty style of dress, smart and pretty; little slim girls looked very well in them. But . . .

It was something in her face, actually, that told Susan the truth. A look that she had seen when she was a youngster, when she had asked her grandmother a question and been answered about a young neighbor woman . . . a drawn look, unnatural.

That child's going to have a baby, Susan's mind told her. That poor little thing is going to have a baby.

But she wasn't married. Was she? Fragments of a story that Minna had told her drifted through her mind . . . something about the mayor, and a boy in the bank who had been Dorothy's sweetheart, and the boy was in the penitentiary for stealing money. Something like that. And people said that the mayor was upright, because even when it was going to hurt one of his own he had gone right ahead and prosecuted . . . people said that. But, underneath what they said, they were thinking that maybe the mayor was glad to get rid of the boy.

Watching the two sisters, Susan knew that this was something really dreadful. It was dreadful for everybody. For the little girl, for the boy in prison; for Mr. Parsons, with his pride to be smashed to atoms, for Marian, holding herself above the common people. For Jim.

Yes, for Jim.

Because, even if he could see the truth about Marian in time, he couldn't desert her at a moment when she would need him as she probably had never needed him before. When her pride would need him.

Susan got up abruptly and went back through the wall of furniture. "I came here to buy linoleum," she said again. "I came here to buy linoleum."

This time, after a minute or so, somebody came to wait on her. She gave the measurements and made the arrangements. She felt as if a good deal of her brain had been shut off from ordinary functioning, it was so full of tangled thoughts and unhappy feelings. The part of it that was still working took care of her buying problem and got her to the street again.

But there was something else she had to see first; as if fate had determined that all the aspects of a problem should be shown her at once. On the way to the door she caught sight of Dorothy moving aimlessly along the dry-goods counters, fingering something here and there as if it had no interest for her. Marian was not in sight. Thinking that she, too, would be in that part of the store, Susan turned aside toward the grocery door again.

There was an alcove between the two parts of the store, holding a short staircase which went up to a small office glassed-in and overlooking the big floor. It was a shadowy place unless the lights were on. They were not on now. But there was light enough for Susan to see that Marian Parsons was there, standing with one hand on the staircase. The man who had stared at Susan was there, with her, the flour salesman, Brownie. And the two of them stood, he and Marian, and looked at each other.

They did not even know that Susan was going by. Just looking at each other.

MR. WILLIAM GORMAN, as time went on, found himself more and more interested in the Van Wyck family. The little girl, Susan, had gone away somewhere after her one brief appearance, and there was something funny about that, some funny business. He called at the house, the day after the dinner, intending to take the girl for a drive. She liked the country, she'd like to go out and see the new place. Maybe she'd have some suggestions about the lodge that he was building out there. He had certainly expected her to be at home, waiting for him.

But Susan was gone, and there was certainly something funny about it. They didn't say where she'd gone or when she'd be back, and both the mother and the other girl, Daphne, were strung up like tight fiddle strings. Daphne was quieter about it, but she was in bad shape. And she hadn't made any secret of the fact that the less she saw of him the better she'd be pleased.

Now, that was a new one. At first it had got under his skin, made him feel like clearing out, and forgetting the whole push. But he kept going back more or less against his will, to see whether the girl really meant it. Nobody had been insolent ■ Continued on page 48

Next month, Alice Haming brings you the fascinating story of Randolph, Diana and Sarah Churchill. Each of them have led tempestuous lives and have given their parents many an exciting and difficult experience.

Watch for this enthralling feature in February Chatelaine

*This is Corda*

Continued from page 7

paid an option on it and the time's about up. But in the meantime I got this contract for a three-story annex onto the Leighton Hotel. So I can't find time to fix up this house. It's a perfect setup for a two-family house. Now, I'll bet you even know it, Miss Corda. That big red brick right across from the park—the old Ware home it is. Your Uncle Nat knew the Wares."

Corda said, "Oh, yes, I've been in it with my aunt."

Martin Conroy thumbed through the papers in his inside coat pocket and selected a smudgy envelope, a two-inch stub of pencil, and began sketching off a house plan. "Now see here, Miss Corda—here's the first-floor plan—and by putting a partition here . . ."

Corda bent over it. For a moment her desire to take over that pencil and grimy envelope was stronger even than her anxiety over the children, her hoping for Andy's success. It was the urge of a farmer to sift soil through his hands—or a pianist to feel ivory keys under his fingers.

The old Ware home had strong walls and foundations. Room enough for a family on each floor . . .

"Maybe you remember the size of this front room? I figured on cutting off enough for a hallway and separate entrance for the family upstairs. Downstairs, I figured to add on a room—"

"But, Martin, couldn't you enclose that front porch? It's too solid and brickly to be good-looking."

Martin thought aloud, "And just lay flooring over the cement . . . You've a knack with houses, Miss Corda. You remind me of my mother. She had all the get-up-and-git in our family. She was the one that pulled us up by our boot straps. My father was the easy-going kind. The houses we lived in would have been dumps but for her. Many's the time we little fellows steadied a ladder for her while she fixed a roof so it wouldn't leak onto our heads. Two days before I was born she papered a room."

"I like fixing over houses," Corda said, and she tried to swallow the shaky excitement in her throat.

"The same with her. My father used to say, 'Give the woman a brush and bucket of paint so we can live in the same house with her.' . . . Here's some of the cost prices I jotted down. There's a good-sized attic, too, in the place."

Corda could see Tom in that attic. Nights of wind sweeping over him as he slept would fill out Tom's hollow cheeks, unpersecuted days would take the haunted fear out of his eyes. Corda said, "Could I arrange to take the upstairs for ourselves? We could move right into it, and I could put all our effort on the downstairs to get it ready to rent." This time her voice shook with excitement.

"Sure you could," Martin agreed.

Looking down the street, Corda saw that her sister Julie had stopped her big car in front of their flat a block away. The urgency of the present replaced even the engrossing plans for the future. She said, "I've got to run home now, Martin. I'll be thinking about this."

"Do that now," he said. "Look over these figures. And I'll stop by later on today."

Corda called to Julie, and Julie waited

*Haanel Cassidy**Who became a photographer by accident*

By Wallace Reyburn

TO BE a good child photographer you have to have three things. First, a thorough understanding of the technicalities of photography. Secondly, a working knowledge of child psychology. And thirdly, the patience of a flagpole-sitter.

When Haanel Cassidy set about photographing the baby on the opposite page he encountered a photographer's problem child. As soon as he took out his camera the little lad adopted a definite "try-and-take-me-if-you-can" attitude. But Cassidy turned the tables on his non-co-operative model. He capitalized on his belligerent frame of mind and got that really expressive shot.

In making his child studies, Cassidy goes into the home of the family. He observes just how the child lives, what he is most interested in doing, what his characteristics are. Before even attempting to expose one negative, Cassidy gets to know the child thoroughly. Not until then does he worry about lighting and the other technicalities attached to the taking of the photograph. The main thing is to get a spontaneous, candid shot of the child in a characteristic pose.

This he does by producing a situation to which he knows the youngster will react. Then he photographs him when he is too busy being a natural child in the midst of a natural reaction to notice that he is being taken—unawares.

One only needs to look through Cassidy's collection of pictures to wonder why anyone ever thought of doing it any other way.

OF COURSE, that doesn't mean to say that anyone can arm himself with a camera, find his way into somebody's home, and then proceed to take rolls of really good child photographs. There is more to Haanel Cassidy than just his technique.

There is ten years of experience, of painstaking trial and error—plus that "something" that Cassidy gets into his photographs of children, of snow, of trees, of water and of dogs . . . that "something" which prompted him to give up his secure job as a schoolteacher and enter the precarious and for the most part unremunerative profession of camera-artist.

It was quite by accident that he took up photography.

He was born in Tokyo, where his father was a missionary. When he was five years old, the family returned to their home in Canada, Haanel going to school in Vancouver and eventually graduating from the University of British Columbia. A scholarship took him back to Tokyo in 1930, his wife and his prize bulldog pup accompanying him.

But apparently keeping a dog as a pet in Japan presents its difficulties. A recent item in the newspapers tells us that the Germans, as of January 1, 1940, are going to relish dog meat on their bill of fare. But in this their axis-pals the Japanese are way ahead of them. A certain section of the Japanese have been enthusiastic about mutt meat for years, and in that country a dog walks continually in fear of his life. It wasn't

long before Cassidy felt that guarding his prize bulldog's life was more trouble than it was worth, so he sold it to a Japanese millionaire.

With the proceeds of this sale he bought a typewriter and a camera, for no other reason than that he judged those to be two things which an aspiring young man should not be without. From that day forth he abandoned the teaching profession to devote his time exclusively to photography.

He photographed everything in sight—from mud to Fujiyama. Japan is not the ideal country for a budding camera enthusiast to start out in life . . . as Cassidy soon found. The Japanese authorities make every effort to prevent anyone from taking a photograph that might represent their country in anything but a glowing light.

In this regard, Cassidy tells an amusing story of the visit of a German movie photographer to Japan. He was sent out to make a documentary film of life in Japan, just as the Germans have tried to make effective propaganda movies of their slipping-partners, the Italians.

A Japanese guide conducted the moviemaker around the farm land near Tokyo, and as they were driving along the German suddenly saw a Jap plowing a rice field. He had the car stopped, jumped out and immediately started setting up his equipment. He was about to take the shot, when his guide stopped him. "Hold on a minute," he said, and getting into the car drove off at speed to the near-by village. He soon returned, accompanied by the champion wrestler of the district. The burly wrestler then took the place of the poor, puny-looking farmer, who stood by and watched Japanese manhood at the plow being recorded on celluloid for the world.

THE MORE photographs Cassidy took the more he came to realize that a photographer must develop a "bunion fixation." That is his advice to all



Haanel Cassidy, more of whose child studies will be appearing in *Chatelaine*.

amateur photographers. "Your material isn't in the sky or on the horizon miles away," he says. "It's here, right at your feet. You don't need to go out and photograph the side of a mountain—you'll learn much more from photo-

Continued on page 35

on the porch for her. Corda didn't want her going in, calling through the house in her loud cheeriness. Corda was hoping Madeline would sleep until the Denners got off to their respective jobs in beauty parlor and café.

Andy always called Julie, the Little Woman. For Julie, in frequent interviews, gave out that woman's sphere was within the home. Julie had even put her ideas into speech form and, flushed and appealing in grey-blue that matched her eyes, stood before innumerable Homemaking students, Girl Guide groups, Mother and Daughter banquets, and earnestly set forth that a woman's greatest career was that of wifehood and motherhood.

THIS MORNING Julie's arms were full of packages. Flannel skirts and bright sweaters for the girls for school. Crepe-soled brogues for Tom.

Corda was still breathing hard from hurrying home. She announced breathlessly, "We're going to move. I can get ready by Monday—so the children can start to school. I was talking to Martin Conroy and I can go in with him on a house to remodel. It's the old Ware home—you remember it, Julie? They're selling it for a song to settle the estate."

Julie said strickenly, "Now, Corda, you're rushing into this just because you always loved tearing the inside out of a house and building it up again. You're not thinking of Andy. It'll crush him. Everyone will say that you had to go to work because he's a failure."

"That might have something to do with it," Corda said flippantly. She felt meanly disloyal the minute she said it. It was the first time she had ever admitted the thing her heart had known for a long time. She added quickly, "Uncle Nat and I made money on every house we remodelled. If a house is well built and in a good location, you can't go far wrong. We can rent the downstairs of this Ware home for enough to make the payments."

Julie said generously, "Andy hasn't had a fair chance to prove himself. First, all that playing politics in the insurance company he worked for, and then handling advertising for that Boys Camp that went under. But now he's beginning to get on his feet again. The mere fact that Andy's having it hard is all the more reason why you should keep on believing in him. It's a job in itself being a good wife."

Corda thought vehemently, I've been just as good a wife as you. I've believed in him—and it's harder to believe in a man when your back is tired from washing blankets."

"Just look at how long it took Dakin to get a foothold. We went through hardships—but I never once lost faith in him." Julie shifted the silver fox furs about her neck.

Corda insisted stubbornly, "We've got to get out of this neighborhood."

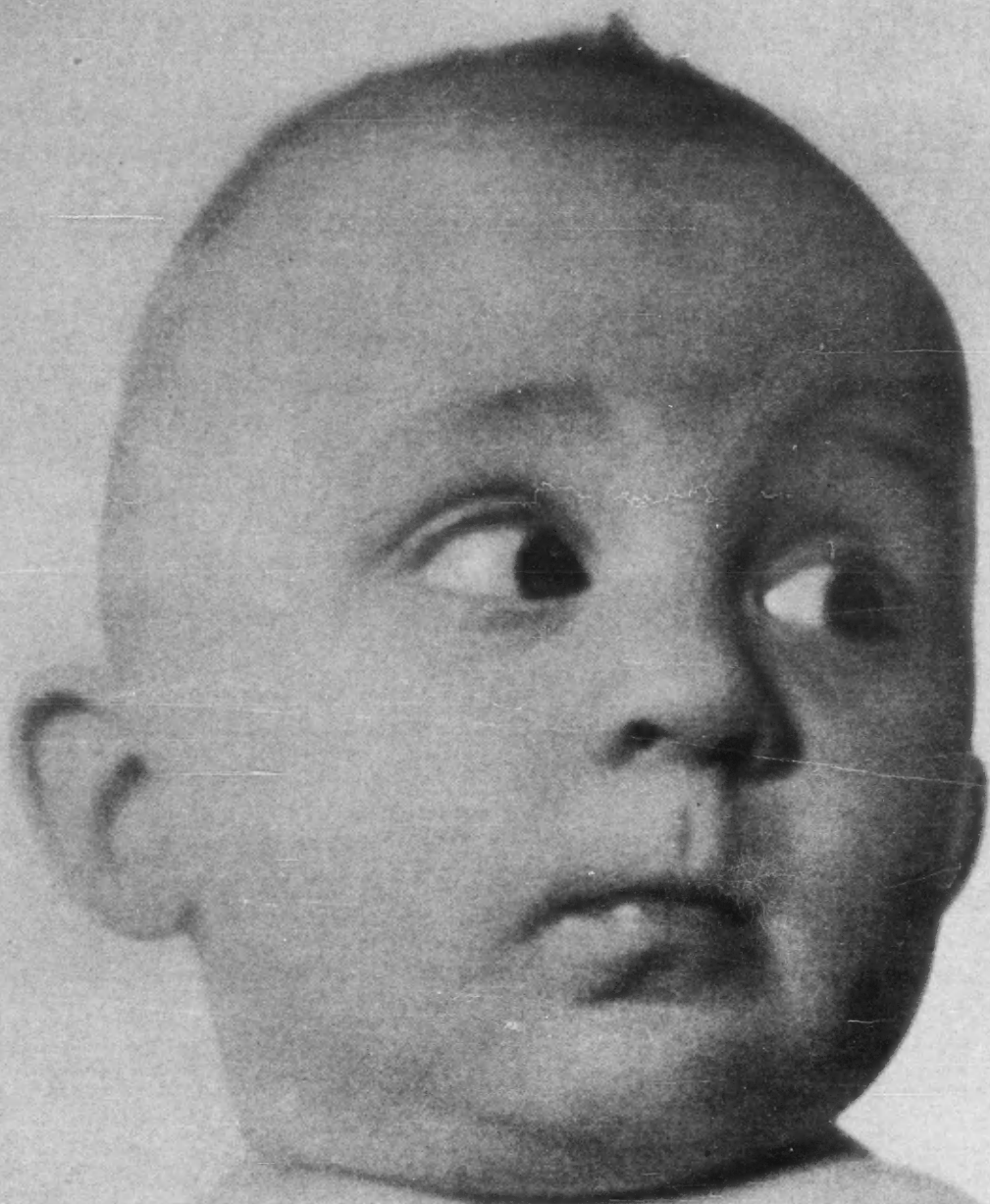
"I understand that, Corda. But let me help you. Andy needn't know a thing about it. I can easily let you have enough so you can go ahead and rent a house in another neighborhood."

"You've helped us too much already," Corda blurted out.

But Julie held up a silencing hand. "Why shouldn't I? I'd lots rather do that than have people talking about my sister going to work. After all—"

Corda snapped shut the purse Julie opened, and corroding anger made her breathing more uneven than running that block from the drugstore. (Oh, yes, Julie, you'd pay out money to help us—





*Hand of Candy*

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as a sop to your vanity, you would. It might cramp your style to have a sister working and loving it. You, with your talk of the Little Woman having faith—well, that doesn't feed or clothe children! It sounds so convincing—all your talk—because you wear orchids and your husband is slated for even bigger things!

Julie pleaded on: "Look at the unhappy marriages—the broken ones, just because the woman refuses to let the man be the head of the house. Madeline telephoned me the other day. She said she came here on radio business, but I heard it was to get her final decree. Nobody even knows where Herb is. He's just a no-good."

Corda mimicked Julie's soft voice: "Madeline, the horrible example! How do we know their divorce was because Madeline made more money than Herb? That was Herb's alibi. Madeline's been too busy to broadcast her side of it." Corda's voice flattened. "Madeline telephoned me too. I wanted to see her, but I was ashamed to ask her out—"(Heaven forbid that Madeline's shrewd brown eyes should see this yardless flat crammed next door to a filling station—or her namesake, Madeline, with her cheap airs and graces.)

But suddenly Corda wanted to see Madeline and talk to her. She wanted Madeline's blunt honesty as something she could take hold of. She'd had enough of Julie's platitudes. Madeline was leaving on the two-forty-five today. Her only chance was to see her at the station.

SHE WAS glad when Julie left, so she could hurry through the things she had to do. First she must escort Tom to the church, five blocks away, for his choir practice. Part of the under-the-viaduct gang taunted him as he went, "Hi-ya, Lily—has to have his mother—go with her little lambie—" Such black hate was in Corda's chest that her legs twitched to run them down, her hands clenched to cuff them. She left Tom at the church. "Now you wait here till one of us calls for you," she counselled him.

Corda hurried home and got lunch for the children. Madeline was up now. She took one look at the skirt and sweater of young-girl blue and thudded them back in their tissue wrapping with blasé scorn. She had hoped her Aunt Julie would bring her huaraches such as clacked off the heels of the Denners at every step. Corda wanted to cry, wanted to shake her.

She sent Madeline to pick up Tom at the church while she, Corda, pressed a dress and tried to sponge the spatters of rain off her dark hat.

The minute Corda heard the pounding of Tom's feet on their porch, heard the shrill commotion, and saw Tom, his polo shirt torn over his heaving chest, his face dirty and twisted with humiliated sobs, Corda guessed what had happened. Madeline had stopped in the doorway of the Black Pheasant Café to talk to the Denner girl who worked there, and, fascinated and admiring, had lingered on until choir practice was over.

So that grim desperation had a brassy taste in Corda's mouth when she reached the station a good half hour before Madeline's train left. She hoped Madeline would arrive early. But only twelve minutes were left when Corda saw Madeline hurrying in—navy blue suit, a gardenia corsage, a red-cap carrying her matched luggage.

MADLINE'S FACE, like Martin Conroy's, took a good half-minute to register recognition as Corda hurried up to her. Then Madeline's brown eyes quickened, and she said, with a scolding brusqueness, which was as close to tenderness as she ever got, "Why on earth don't you take care of yourself, Corda? You look like something out of life's discard."

But her very gruffness bridged the years that had passed since they chummed together. Corda hurried to say, "Madeline, there's something I wanted to talk to you about—" The hands of the big station clock were moving on.

Madeline said, "I'd have grabbed a taxi and rushed out to see you and my namesake, but when I wasn't busy with radio, I had to be at my lawyers. The divorce is all settled at last."

Corda said, "That's what I wanted to ask you about. Everyone says you and Herb split up because in your job you made more money than he did. Is that why, Madeline?"

Madeline said casually, "Yes, I guess so. I don't know yet why he should put on an injured act. I worked darn hard to get a foothold—a lot harder than he did. He wouldn't try to hold up his end. So I didn't see why I should carry him along."

Corda said, "But, Madeline, don't you suppose that if you hadn't made Herb feel he was so unnecessary—Julie says that when you do that to a man Don't you suppose you could have made your marriage go if you had tried?"

"And why should I? It wasn't worth it. Yes, Julie aired her ideas to me over

follow him. She said with hard vehemence, "We can't help it if we're ambitious, Corda. I couldn't be happy being a nobody and neither could you. Well, then, if we happen to get men that can't get us some place—then, I say chip out a life for ourselves doing the work we like." And kick the man overboard, her shrug said.

Corda said, "Good-by, Madeline—good-by." She watched Madeline's attractive figure swing down the runway. She was somebody. The porter would flutter about her to take her corsage and put it in the refrigerator. She would have telegrams to send. But she was a woman alone. No one to see her off. No one to meet her at her destination. This was the life she had chipped out for herself.

But for Corda that wouldn't be life, that would be bankruptcy. Even with the children it would be. She couldn't not love Andy. She could scarcely remember when she hadn't loved him.

The envelope in her pocket held no pull now—no promise. Now it held menace to Andy's high-lifedness. Neither money, nor the thrill of work could compensate for Andy going through life with even a fraction of the hangdog resentment of Herb.

Corda sat on in the bustling station for quite a while, too empty and dreary to start home. Well, what had she thought Madeline would say? She had hoped Madeline would say, "Oh, go ahead and work! What difference could it make between two people who are as goofy about each other as you and Andy?"

It was a long roundabout ride home on street cars from the station. Corda

getting sorrowfuller and sorrowfuller."

Corda asked, "Where's Madeline?" "I don't know," Sister murmured vaguely.

But Corda knew. She was at the Denners', upstairs, listening to either Alma or Winetta—whichever one was off duty. If it was the beauty operator one, Madeline would return, reeking of perfume, and her hair in tight gooeey ringlets like a newborn Persian lamb.

Andy was home. Corda knew it. It wasn't only the smell of his pipe, but the house always had a different feel to it when he was there. A sense of rightness, somehow.

Corda took the smudged and drawn-upon envelope out of her purse and said, "Here, Sister—you pull your chair close to the window here, and watch for a heavyset man in a car, and give him this. Tell him I've decided I can't go in with him—you understand now, Sis? I don't want to see him."

Andy and Tom were in the kitchen. They were winding string into figure-eights on a stick to fly a box kite that lay on the table. Tom's peaked face was aglow. Andy slid off the table to explain to Corda, "Remember that kid that I got out of jail last Easter? He made this for Tom."

He saw then the wan tiredness in her face. He said with the same note of apology that had been in his voice this morning, "Corda, honey—I'm afraid there's no way I can make any extra money on this Boys' project of mine. It's working out swell—I've got all the civic clubs behind it, and a lot of our big businessmen. Maybe in time the Chest can allot a fund for it. I'll keep my eyes open and see if I can land a job with more money in it than this probation work I've got." He thrust a chair out for her, said, "You look dog tired. Let me take your hat."

Corda said dully, "I went down to the station to see Madeline. She got her final decree. She said it was because she got to making more money than Herb did."

"That's boloney," Andy said promptly. "What difference would it make if she did?"

Sister was yelling from the front room: "Mom, he wants to see you—" and then Martin Conroy's big bulk came pushing through the two small rooms into the kitchen. He was saying, "Now about these figures I put down—we can do a lot better on them, Miss Corda. When I'm buying in big lots for my hotel job, I can include any materials you'll need. If we keep on, we'll have it that it's cheaper to fix up the house than to let it stand."

Corda said, "I can't go ahead on it, Martin," she added lamely. "The kids—and Andy need me."

Andy spoke up, "Corda, don't be such a nut! The kids are in school all day. We can even pitch in and help you with your house. I've been thinking lately that you should never have stopped dabbling in houses. You were so darned happy doing it."

Corda's lips were wobbly; she said small, "But Julie says that a woman ought—ought—"

Andy laughed, "I know what Julie says. All about the cheerer on the side lines helping the player win the game. But if the side-liner has more on the ball, he's better off in the game."

Andy added soberly, "Corda, honey, I've never learned to make money, but I've learned this in my probation work; no one can lay down rules for human beings. What will work for one, won't for another." ■ Continued on page 22



"Fluffy and I had a bitter disagreement today."

the telephone—flaunted it before me that Dakin Cusack has soared to the heights. Well, all the 'aren't you wonderful' in the world wouldn't have made Herb soar. It wasn't in him."

Corda said earnestly, "I'm thinking of going back to remodelling houses."

Madeline motioned to the boy to go on with her grips. She took a step to

shut her own front door behind her. She hated that front door that never shut tight . . .

AT HOME, Sister, in the front room, humped over a book, looked up at her mother; she made herself into a tighter knot, if possible, and said blissfully, "I'm reading 'Little Women' and it's



in his hours of relaxation, but also in times of disappointment and grief. For Winston, to be unemployed is to be utterly miserable, and his writing and painting have brought many hours of solace when his great gifts of political organization and management have been spurned by an ungrateful and over-cautious state.

While he is painting, Winston usually has his meals on the job. The only person who does not irritate him during these hours of concentration is his wife, Clementine. She has often, in the old days, brought out a picnic tea to his easel at Chartwell, the Churchill place near Westerham, about twenty miles from London. Then he would pause for a bit and chat with her. The companionship of these two has always been a complete and charming thing. Their natures are in complete and complementary harmony.

THIS ABILITY of Clementine Churchill to live and work in harmony with her turbulent family has been evidenced in every phase of her life. When the interminable and heated arguments take place around the Churchill family table, Mrs. Churchill seldom interferes. She is satisfied to preside in silence and make her own mental notes on all that is said. Only when things get out of hand does she intrude with a steadying word or so. Whenever they have to call her into the discussion to give her opinion on some controversial subject, her family are always surprised at her quiet wisdom and her firm grasp of the subject in hand. She has always been content to let them bask in their own glory, yet when any of them have needed help she was the first to the rescue; whether it was Diana's married difficulties or Randolph's political problems, or Sarah's stage ambitions. She has often fought in the campaigns of her husband as well as her son. At one time when attempts were being made to create the impression that Winston had incurred the displeasure of his constituents in the Epping division, she herself was elected to the executive board of the National Union of Conservative Unions and Associations. Her election at that time was very significant, and ruined the attempts to prove that the Churchill family was in the bad graces of the constituency.

Mrs. Churchill has a definite flair for "redoing" houses with taste and simplicity, and has exercised it in the many houses in which she has lived during her husband's career. Whether it is Admiralty House, or No. 11 Downing Street, when her husband was Chancellor of the Exchequer, or now the most famous house of all, No. 10 Downing Street—or whether it was the

brick house on the country estate which Winston built himself—she uses her love of pastel colors in creating harmonious effects. When, by the way, Winston was building the fine well-planned dwelling on his estate that was soon rented to a very good tenant, he laid every brick himself. At noon he liked to have his lunch, resting on the scaffolding. On his head he had a rakish trilby hat. Over his clothes was a well-worn shiny boiler suit, and in his mouth the inevitable cigar. During this period Mrs. Churchill sent his lunch out to him in a pail! It was a rare sight for Churchill fans who happened to be passing along the road that separates Winston's house from his woods on the other side. Often they waved to him and he responded with enthusiasm.

When the war came, Winston Churchill, the fighter, who had for years warned of the danger latent in the re-arming Nazi Germany, came once more into his own. He was again made First Lord of the Admiralty, and he moved with his wife back into Admiralty House after an absence of twenty-five years. Now, of course, they are at No. 10 Downing Street, where Mrs. Churchill remains steadfastly by her husband's side. He is working with all his energy and genius at the helm of a nation going forth into a crusade. And with him all the time, her gentle and noble influence sustaining him, is his wife. As he prepares his mighty speeches or tears down the besieged Thames in a motor-boat to view the wreckage done by enemy raiders to London's docks, as he draws upon all the springs of his experience and genius for the good of a great cause, it is his wife more than anyone else who gives him the help, the criticism, the guidance and the devotion that sees him through.

WESTERHAM, their home village, misses the Churchills and looks forward to the day when they will be in residence at Chartwell again. The family is popular in the whole countryside, which is bursting with pride in Winston, whom they respect and love. He has always been generous and friendly with them all. They want to see the Churchill house alive with activity again, filled of a week-end with family and friends. They want to see Winston walking once again with little golden-haired Julian Sandys eldest of the three grandchildren, and pausing to look at his pet birds and rare goldfish. They want to see the butler and footman and housekeeper and all the gardeners and the dozen or so maids on the job again, and to have the pleasure of watching the whole family, as of yore, come trooping into Pitt's cottage in the village for tea.

But Winston is exactly where he would want to be—tied to the wheel. His is an almost supreme leadership. When the hour of crisis came, Britons thanked God that they had the man to match with the hour. To have achieved such a position of greatness after so many setbacks and discouragements is a great thing for any man. Never could he have done it without the gentle, understanding singleheartedness, of the noble woman who has borne with him and faithfully encouraged him, "for better or for worse," as she promised at the high altar of St. Margaret's church over thirty-two years ago.

(In a later article, Mrs. Heming will describe the turbulent lives of the Churchills' children—Randolph, Diana and Sarah). ■

## "THE SUREST WAY OF PREVENTING Pneumonia..."

ACCORDING TO an eminent physician, "The surest way of preventing pneumonia is to eliminate the common cold and other respiratory infections."

This is because pneumonia rarely strikes out of a clear sky; usually it is preceded by a cold, influenza, or some other infection of the breathing passages.



Remember, colds are contagious. Thoughtful people cover up coughs and sneezes.

How, then, can one guard against the dangerous cold?

... By keeping away from people who have colds and avoiding contact with crowds as much as possible. By getting daily outdoor exercise and keeping in good physical condition. By getting adequate rest and keeping properly clothed. By avoiding over-heated rooms. By eating properly—not over-eating—and being sure to get plenty of protective foods like green vegetables.

At the first sign of a cold, proper treatment should be started and kept up as long as the cold persists. If the cold



Daily exercise pays dividends in pleasure and good health.

becomes severe, the safest course is to go to bed and call your doctor.

Pneumonia strikes most frequently during the first three months of the year.

So it is particularly important, during this period, for you to be on the lookout for pneumonia's most common warning symptoms such as:

Sudden chill . . . fever . . . pain in side . . . cough . . . thick, rust-coloured sputum . . . hurried, somewhat laboured breathing.

When any one or any combination of these symptoms is present, a doctor should be called at once. For if the illness is pneumonia, he will then, while there is still time, have the best opportunity to use successfully the effective weapons of modern science.

Only a few years ago, the doctor was relatively helpless in the face of pneumonia. Today, he has means of more certain diagnosis . . . including methods of determining more accurately the type of pneumonia. Furthermore there are highly effective serums and chemical agents to use separately, or in combination, in treating a particular case.

These new developments have been



Proper clothing is important to the health of the whole family.

responsible for an amazing reduction, in the past three years, of about 50% in the death rate from pneumonia.

But—most important—the doctor must have the chance to use his skill against pneumonia early!

Metropolitan's free booklet, "Colds, Influenza, Pneumonia," contains many valuable, practical suggestions to help you ward off trouble at this time. Write today to Dept. 1-L-41, Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

NEW YORK

FREDERICK H. ECKER  
Chairman of the Board

LEROY A. LINCOLN  
President

CANADIAN HEAD OFFICE—OTTAWA



"Wouldn't you care, Andy? Because if I start I want to keep on going. I'm sure I can make money—"

"Sure you can," he said. "You can probably make more than I can. But what difference would that make between us?"

TO THINK that she had gone to Julie, gone to Madeline, with a desperate need in her heart for the very words Andy was saying now. The words were a benediction. And it wouldn't matter to

Andy. His nice egotism wouldn't need the constant salving that a Dakin or a Herb needed. She felt laved of all bitterness, all bewilderment. What difference would it make?

Andy was saying to Martin Conroy: "After all, I fell in love with a girl with paint stains on her neck—and a lot of bounce. I'd like to have that girl back again."

Tears were slipping softly down Corda's cheeks. She didn't mind Martin Conroy seeing them; a man whose big

hands fumbled with a slide rule seemed large of understanding. What a little nut she'd been! Andy would be happier to go on rehabilitating his Forgotten Age boys with no apology to her for not being a better provider.

Yes, Martin Conroy was large in understanding. He said casually, "You remember me telling you about my mother and father, Miss Corda?" The mother, Corda's heart remembered, had had the get-up-and-git in their family. "This very day they're starting off on a

holiday with a trailer my mother patched up herself—and they're happier'n two kids. They've always been like that."

Corda was already reaching for the envelope, fumbling for the pencil in Andy's pocket. "Tom, here's where you're going to sleep. Sister, run and get Madeline—ask her how she'd like a ceiling in her room with blue stars in it. Look, Andy, we'll have our entrance here—a white, white door with a sea-horse knocker on it." ■

had been in his life, Winston's beautiful, brilliant mother had often angered him with the power of her dominating personality, and the arguments between them were hot and noisy. By contrast, he soon learned to appreciate the soothing effect of Clementine's gentle reasonableness.

AT THE EARLY age of thirty-six, Winston Churchill was elevated to the position of Home Secretary, to the unsurprised delight of his wife, who knew his capabilities and expected very great things of him. Reforming, especially in the realms of crime and punishment, became his greatest interest at that time. On one occasion, wearing a top hat, he personally directed the routing of some gangsters who had barricaded themselves in a house in Sydney Street. In the full blaze of peacetime criticism Winston was smothered by an avalanche of sarcasm and ridicule. Dodging from doorway to doorway in a hail of bullets was not in keeping with the tradition of dignity that attaches to a British Cabinet Minister, said the critics. Even the tactful Clementine was a little doubtful of the escapade, but she knew that the thing she loved most in her husband—the adventurous, mischievous soul of a small boy in him—found an outlet in actions such as this. To curb his enthusiasm would have been to destroy the thing that was most dear to her. So with infinite patience and boundless common sense, she did not remonstrate.

Besides, by this time the family was beginning to arrive, and Clementine was concentrating on the nursery as well as upon the other interests of her own fascinating, varied life.

For six years after their marriage there was an ascending curve in the fortunes of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill. Churchill was a rising star and his wife a consort worthy of his genius. Churchill has always recognized and given full credit to the noble qualities of the woman he married. She has always been patient and understanding, and because she did not try to oppose Winston, she has had a great influence upon him. Throughout his turbulent career she has always gone to the House of Commons to witness his triumphs, slipping unobtrusively into the Speaker's gallery. But he would know that she was there.

After one quick glance in her direction, when she raised a gloved hand in greeting and encouragement, he would proceed without even glancing her way again. When disaster came to him, as it did again and again in his stormy career, she was always waiting at home to soothe him and care for him. She it was who helped him realize that the things that matter in life are not all to be found in the public arena.

The Churchills' first child was a girl, Diana, born on July 11, 1909, and two

### *Mrs. Winston Churchill :: Continued from page 13*

years later the boy, Randolph, was born. A detective accompanied the nurses with the two prams when they were out in the park. Mrs. Churchill kept a keen supervision over things in the nursery. Winston adored the children, but the idea of training or checking them never occurred to him. Himself a free spirit, he preferred to think of his children as gay young colts. It was left for his wife to put the harness on. She indulged her husband, but she was wise enough to know that someone must insert a little discipline into the lives of her children if they were not to grow up completely unruly and out of hand.

A little later, when the shadow of Germany deepened ominously and people were saying that there might be a great war, the Government of the day chose Winston Churchill for the Admiralty. The Churchills moved to Admiralty House, and the strenuous task of preparing the fleet for war was put in hand.

And while her husband busied himself with such mighty tasks, the young Mrs. Churchill was officially acclaimed as the leading Liberal hostess of the day. Mrs. Asquith, although a distinguished hostess herself, had never played an important part in political entertaining on the grand scale.

Besides being an eminently successful hostess, Mrs. Churchill was, for that time, unusually keen on sport, particularly golf and tennis. She excelled in these, yet her greatest interest remained her husband and his career. She was always to be seen at his side during political meetings, often taking part in what went on. By adding her shrewd quiet words to his own tempestuous oratory, she was often able to turn the tide in his favor. On one occasion a heckler became embarrassingly difficult and, for once in his life, Winston seemed stuck. A peal of laughter from Mrs. Churchill changed the whole situation, and succeeded in bringing her husband out of a tight corner.

WHEN THE first World War came, the navy was ready, but in 1915 Winston Churchill was to receive a crushing blow.

His original plan for the Gallipoli campaign, combining an attack by the army and navy combined, was frustrated, and the half-measures later employed as a compromise, ended, when the attack was finally made, in disaster. Churchill was the scapegoat, and was made to resign the Admiralty.

Knowing only too well her husband's complete disregard for danger, Mrs. Churchill gave a great sigh of relief when once more she welcomed home, mercifully unharmed, the ex-Battalion Commander; ex-First Lord; ex-President of Board of Trade; ex-Conservative; ex-Liberal; ex-war correspondent; ex-cavalry officer.

Meanwhile Mrs. Churchill had thrown herself into Britain's fight. She opened a social club for the wives and mothers of soldiers and sailors, in December, 1914. She assumed the entire supervision of several Y.M.C.A. hostels. She planned menus and designed curtains and directed the general arrangements for the comfort of munitions workers. She addressed women's recruiting meetings and made speeches of encouragement to munitions workers. In fact, she was kept so busy that during the entire war, except for the time before the birth of her daughters—Sarah, born on December 7, 1914, and the little Marigold Frances, born four days after the Armistice—Mrs. Churchill was as hard worked outside the home as she was in it.

Some three years later the happy family life of the Winston Churchills was blighted by the worst personal tragedy that has occurred since they have been man and wife. In August, 1921, little Marigold Frances was on holiday with her brother and sister at Broadstairs, when she was suddenly taken ill and died in less than a week, of pneumonia.

THE INTERVENING years with the three children, Randolph, Diana and Sarah, is a story I am going to tell you next month. Each of them presented stormy problems which, over a period of the past thirty years, have added to the turbulent life of Mrs. Churchill. The hectic life of her husband, his enthusiasms, his pleasures and his setbacks, together with the constantly startling

actions of her three children, prepared this remarkable wife and mother to cope with the unusual and intriguing adventures, careers and marriages each of the children was to know.

The devotion which had characterized the beginning of the Churchill marriage grew and deepened with the passing of time. One of the things that makes the Churchills so lovably British is the unostentatious way in which they live. In Winston and his wife, run it in No. 10 Downing Street, Admiralty House, or away from the insistent strife of war and politics, you see the typical English couple—the unobtrusive backbone of the Empire. Like a wise general, Mrs. Churchill has always let her lieutenants—housekeeper, head nurse, head gardener—run their own departments with little interference. Beyond a certain supervision, motivated by helpful interest, she gets the best from her staff by profiting from the free-will efforts that result naturally from their feeling of responsibility.

Winston's comfort has ever been her uppermost thought. Once she remarked to Lloyd George that, should she die, she would leave written instructions for her successor as to how to manage Winston. "Until then," she said laughing, "it must be kept private. But I don't mind mentioning the first and most important: feed him well. You must give him a good dinner; his dinner is a very important item in his daily routine!"

Seldom has she let home distractions curtail her public and hostess duties, although the usual succession of childish illnesses and broken arms were rare and necessary interruptions to a busy, eventful life. There have always been first her husband's, and later her son's political meetings to prepare for, attend, and often to address. Her daughters' social and educational interests had to be considered. Yet she found time for golf and championship tennis. She was quite a star of London's The Queen's Club, and she won the covered courts championship of London. On holidays in the South of France, while her husband painted, the pretty Mrs. Churchill concentrated on tennis, interrupting her games only to walk over to where her husband sat at his easel to see what progress he had made. It is a remarkable phenomenon, that painting of Winston's. Indeed it is one of the things for which his own family applaud him most. His cousin, Mrs. Clare Sheridan, putting her own probably exaggerated bias on the subject, said, "I am convinced that, had he from the first put all his colossal energy and brain into art, instead of politics, he would have been very great, and would have something more tangible than mere repute to leave behind him."

Mrs. Churchill encouraged his talent. To this, she knew, he could turn not only



### FICTION HIGHLIGHTS IN FEBRUARY!

**THURSDAY MAGIC**, by Katherine Kennedy — The story of three women who sought beauty in their own way.

**SAFE FROM THE WAR**, by Sheila McCormick — The haunting experience of a little war guest.

**WHAT YOU MAKE IT**, by Edith Brecht — How one modern woman faced an age-old problem.

# BEAUTY CULTURE

A DEPARTMENT OF STYLE, HEALTH AND PERSONALITY

## Hello! Problem Child

By CAROLYN DAMON

**Don't Know Your Type?** What did your parents, your teacher, or your first beau call you? Cute? Sweet? Unusual? Chubby? Interesting? Strange? Tomboyish? Think back and see if you're not still slipping along in the same groove. Then watch for the smartest and best-looking woman you know of that type, and mentally pick her to pieces to see what makes her tick—from a style point of view, of course. That's your cue. Once you've decided what you ought to look like, stick to it!

**Are You A Pasty Pie?** The unforgivable sin of 1941 is to be colorless. If you're the sweet type, don't be sticky. Pull a Loretta Young on the lads and be enchantingly lovely. That means exquisite daintiness and soft and floaty things in dreamy colors. If you're too short to be noticed in a crowd, then set out to make yourself really tiny. So you'll be tops in your own class. If you're too tall, don't slump dismally trying to shrink. Make yourself striking enough to arrest the eye and make people think about how smart you look, rather than how tall you are. If you're really fat and can't do anything about it, go Elsa Maxwellish and be one of those simply irresistibly amusing and interesting women. You won't have to worry about your getup all the time the way the glamour girls do. You can be a swell scout and make them look a little silly, sometimes, into the bargain.

**Are Your Hips Hard to Bear?** Work on 'em. Unless you're mahogany boned, you can do something. Roll, bicycle, swing your legs around for exercises. If that doesn't work and you can manage it, get massaged or bubble-bathed, or rolled with one of those gadgets the beauty experts know how to use.

Because the slim straight skirt and its boyish-figure-needs is on the horizon. And you know what big hips do to a uniform, if you're thinking of getting into one. Meanwhile, wear dark skirts, forget about side pockets or peplums or other decoration about them their parts. Use flared skirts when you can, and get long, softly draped things for evening. The greatest little prescription of all for your case is a good foundation garment. Sacrifice

your waist a bit to make better proportions. Avoid a tight belt like poison.

**Is Your Bust Too Mature?** A drooping chest is a sure sign of age. And your mother used to have to put up with it, or bind herself too tightly. Now-a-times you can have a firm uplift, no matter how large you are. And nobody minds a good chest measurement in itself. So get the right brassiere even if you have to mortgage a few lunches. The big bust looks its worst under a tailored, high neckline or a pull-over, although you can wear cardigans with ease. Avoid decorations or pockets high up. Pleats, gathers and drapings are smart, and little jackets and boleros take all the difficulties out of your problem. All you have is a curve that needs to be catered to.

**Too Short or Too Tall?** We went into that earlier. But if you're just a little too tall, want to fool the customers, get wide, flat-brimmed hats, two-pieced or wide-belted dresses, two-tone effects, lots of embroidery on your clothes, pleatings or wide-banded effects on your hemline, and matching hat-and-shoe outfits that contrast to your dress and so seem to make your head and feet closer together. Of course, if you're really tall, go the whole way. Walk as though you were two inches taller than you are. Since your head is going to be forever above the crowd, lavish plenty of thought on your make-up, hair-do and hat. Get spectacular hats and load yourself down with a big fur, if you can afford it. Get big, unusual chokers and bracelets that the little woman daren't wear. And this may sound silly, but keep an eye on your surroundings. Don't team up with a Pekingese or try to squash yourself onto a footstool by the fire. The biggest chair, chesterfield or window is your best background. A big man somewhere about doesn't spoil the picture any, either.

If you want to stretch up a bit wear stripes, ■ Continued on page 28



International Fashions.



Otherwise Ideal?



Unsophisticated?

Short and Hippy?



Too Tall?



## Canada's Gifts to the World of Beauty



### Glamorous Hands ARE SO EASY TO HAVE

MARY TURNBULL began her career in Canada, but has won fame throughout the Continent. Her appealing beauty has graced numerous advertisements in American and Canadian magazines. Campana's Italian Balm too, was originated in Canada many years ago. And so quickly and pleasantly does it smooth and soften the skin, and so completely does it protect against roughness and chapping that its fame too has become continent-wide.

Though it contains the costliest ingredients, Campana's is inexpensive to use. One drop is sufficient for both hands. Acts fast. No stickiness. 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c, \$1.00 at your favourite cosmetic counter.

If you prefer a cream to a lotion, try the Campana Hand Cream—25c and 50c jars.

Canadian-born Mary Turnbull is in demand as an artists' and photographers' model in New York as well as in Canada.

Campana  
Italian  
Balm

The Original  
SKIN SOFTENER

## ☆ GIRLS

### Men Dream About

By LOTTA DEMPSEY

BRITTLE sophistication, metallic smartness, can go by the boards now. It's the softly feminine woman—she of delicacy, charm and tenderness—who will be the girl men dream about these darksome days.

You can see her emerging in the new fashions. Daytime tailoring has a lilt to it that belies the all-purpose nature of line and fabric. Skirts are full for action, jackets warm and comfortable. But the figure is outlined in everything from tweeds to satins.

**Men Love Soft Colors.** So the strident plaids have been blurred, the vivid figures misted. Checks have been robbed of their severity through sketchily broken lines. Silvered colors are used with lovely tinted furs . . . melting blue with silver fox . . . rich rose and greyed plum with beaver . . . mossy green with Persian lamb. Evening colors sparkle and glitter—like the new metallics, embroidered fabrics, cloth of gold and silver, vivid scarlets and glowing blacks—or are soft as a dove's breast . . . faded pinks and blues, cloudy greys and old English lavenders.

**Men Love Womanly Lines.** Like the new wasp waist and hipped and busted silhouette. The new décolleté with its sheer net bodice, the bustle, the harem hem, the draped skirt. Please wear them.

**Men Love Flowers, Fragrance, Illusion.** And so you tuck a carnation in a curl over your ear; catch a corsage of roses in your gown's old-fashioned bertha; wear hooped earrings with your velvet turban; choose a hat with a colored snood that frames your face like a flower. Or wear a hooded cape for evening that might have swept down Norman castle halls. And choose high-cut, delicate slippers that make your feet dainty and exquisite.

**Men Love Women Like These.** A French hair stylist described his "loveliest woman" to me as one who is always poised. One who didn't look like the Rose of Killarney in the evening, and something the cat dragged in the next morning.

"Lovely women are those who keep their flags flying and their standards up, whatever comes," he said.

A distinguished New York hatter thought natural wholesomeness did the trick. The woman he remembered wore no frills or jewellery, or puffs or overdone hair dresses. Her lines were simple and exquisite—her fabrics rich and regal. She knew when to stop dressing . . . which many women don't.

A great Fifth Avenue shop stylist thought it was grooming that gave woman her enchantment. Hair, nails and skin always looking just done. That "just stepped out of a bath" appearance.

A stage director said it was a certain definiteness that made a woman one to be remembered. She who could spotlight herself—with definite make-up, distinctness as well as distinctiveness of line and color. "So many women just fade into the background, because they lack any feeling of focus," he said. ■ Continued on page 33



Simple, classic lines, with a feminine grace, such as those reflected in these two charming versions of the current mood, are of dominant importance.



by  
*Annabelle Lee*



into half ringlets, or many other arrangements, is the most effective.

Many women have the mistaken idea that long flowing hair in the casual manner puts them into the class of sixteen-year-olds. This is as incongruous as wearing formal clothes to business. What the mature woman is hoping to arrive at, is a softness of line that will detract from the signs of age upon her face and neck. She wants to feel that even if one is "getting on," so long as she's up on what the young ones are wearing, everyone will be fooled—including herself!

It's important to realize that flopping casualness is not for the wrong side of thirty, and it exaggerates rather than detracts from, one's age. Maturity has its own beauty which can be developed. Grace and charm and dignity, with a superb grooming, are attributes which every woman with a definite interest in her appearance and the necessary will and determination to find the time for it, can attain.

In this particular hair style, the model's hair was thinned and tapered at the back so that when wet, it fell just to her shoulders. The top and sides were cut much shorter. The back stresses smoothness, with curls so framed about it that they make for a deep wave at the left in a final combing. The sides are swirled up, and the back hair on the left brushed forward, to unfold into waves. It's a simple matter for you, if you have this coiffure, to comb the hair forward, and then with the ends in the palm of

your hand let them fall into these waves. The high effect in front is created in the same way, except that a flat roll just back of the forehead forms the base on which the wave rests. The right side goes up, to end in a flat roll, with a number of others in varying sizes to fill in below.

This coiffure can be adapted to suit your own particular needs. It is one which you can handle yourself with a little care and which is immensely becoming.

When you have a permanent wave, be sure that you get a good one. A cheap permanent is absolutely no bargain, as it affects your hair very badly. Economize in some other phase of your good-looks spending for clothes, and use the few extra dollars for a good permanent wave.

Then decide to learn how to take care of your coiffure. Ask your hairdresser to show you just how you should comb it.

❖ Continued on page 33

**"NEURITIS DOESN'T KEEP ME AWAKE NOW!"**

DEAR ME, WILL I NEVER GET TO SLEEP? NIGHT AFTER NIGHT THESE STABBING PAINS KEEP ME AWAKE

I SUFFERED AGONY LAST NIGHT WITH MY NEURITIS

IT TELLS HERE ABOUT ONE WOMAN WHO GOT RELIEF WITH KRUSCHEN SALTS—WHY NOT TRY IT?

I HAVEN'T MUCH FAITH IN THESE REMEDIES. I'VE TRIED SO MANY

GIVE IT A FAIR TRIAL ANYWAY. IT'S A GOOD BRITISH PRODUCT

2 WEEKS LATER

I HAVEN'T ENJOYED SUCH RELIEF IN YEARS. I'M SURE GLAD OF THE DAY I DISCOVERED KRUSCHEN

IT RELIEVED MY HEADACHES TOO. WE'LL BOTH STICK TO THE "LITTLE DAILY DOSE"

• If you suffer like this woman did—if neuritis, sciatica, lumbago or rheumatic pains cause you agony—remember this! You may not think you are constipated. But unless elimination is complete as well as regular, poisonous impurities may be clogging your system. They get into your bloodstream. And when this condition lasts over months or years, these poisonous impurities bring trouble and pain.

The thing to do is to get that good British remedy—Kruschen Salts. The several highly refined mineral salts in

Kruschen stimulate the digestive organs to gentle, regular action. Elimination is complete. Clogging poisonous waste matter is expelled. The bloodstream is freed of its overload of impurities. You begin to enjoy that priceless, million-dollar Kruschen feeling.

So get a bottle of Kruschen today. At drug stores, 25c and 75c.

Just take what you can put on a dime—each morning—in your coffee or in hot water.



IT'S THE LITTLE DAILY DOSE THAT DOES IT!

# KRUSCHEN

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ole is MORE than an ordinary "salve." It helps break up local congestion. As Musterole is used on the Quintuplets you may be sure you are using just about the BEST product made. Also made in Regular and Extra Strength Musterole for those who prefer a stronger product. Made in Canada.

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**MUSTEROLE**  
MILD



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Concise — Authentic — Essentially Helpful



### HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

#### Service Bulletin No. 16

Whether long, short, oily or dry, blonde, brown, black or red—the beauty of a woman's hair depends solely on its vitality and grooming. Learn the secrets of a lovely "Crown of glory"—and how to care for special problems and conditions. Price 10 cents.

### A LOVELY SKIN

#### Service Bulletin No. 18

A beautiful skin can be the heritage of every woman — for it is the reward of proper care and knowledge. Advice on retaining or acquiring a clear fine-textured complexion, and treatments of abnormal conditions are thoroughly handled in this bulletin. Price 10 cents.



### DRESSING YOUR FACE

#### Service Bulletin No. 17

Which treats with the subtleties of make-up. Not twenty women out of a hundred know how to make-up effectively. Some overdo it; others use the wrong materials. Yet the right make-up can give a plain face charm — a lovely face character. Learn the secrets of make-up, of high-lighting, of facial structure, of color and texture selection. Learn how to stress your best features and make the least of your worst. Learn about the make-up which is individually yours. Price 10 cents.



### BEAUTIFUL HANDS

#### Service Bulletin No. 15

Every woman carries her character in her hands — so why not have yours beautifully cared for? A little skilled care will keep them lovely through the years. Daily care and unusual conditions are discussed in this bulletin. Price 5 cents.



### FRESH AS A FLOWER

#### Service Bulletin No. 19

What makes a woman attractive? Many things... a chuckling laugh, a serene brow, perhaps, expressive eyes, a lively vivacity or serene calm. All these make a woman attractive. But underlying every quality there is one which italicizes them and makes fragrant the charm of her womanhood. It is found in a fastidious devotion to personal cleanliness and to the small feminine details of her toilet. This bulletin furnishes you with the important little details that will keep you "as fresh as a flower". Price 5 cents.



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## The Mature Woman

THIS very lovely coiffure has been designed especially for the mature woman, and is particularly attractive for prematurely grey hair. It is a style which your hairdresser can easily follow—and which you can keep in perfect order yourself. The photograph below shows how it looked when the model combed out her own hair after the coiffure had been completed.

This model was selected because she is typical of many thousands of older women who want to wear their hair styled to the demands of the times. She isn't a real beauty—but then how many women do you know who are? This hair-do does what every skilfully designed coiffure should—accentuates her most attractive features—in this case, her beautiful eyes.

One of the first rules for the older woman's coiffure is that it must be on "upped" lines. These give the illusion of pulling her whole face up. And where there are sagging muscles and double chins, this is the quickest beauty treatment I know for hiding them.

A second rule is that shorter hair is really necessary. Every woman does not want to cut her hair short, but she can strike a happy medium and have her hair properly thinned and tapered to a length permitting a view of the neck.

Thirdly, the mature woman's hair style should be simple, clean-cut and smart, rather than a mass of curls or fluffs. A good permanent that covers the whole head and allows for waves at the back or sides, with ends that will fall



★ This attractive coiffure is shown through courtesy of the American Hairdresser.

## Are You Having Any Fun? :: Continued from page 10

she made the rest of the stairs in nothing flat.

THE NEXT WEEK was especially hard. Elise, Aunt Myra's granddaughter, asked Carol to dinner with a group of young people. Furthermore, Elise said that Bill Dewey, who played football and was a campus hero, would come for Carol and bring her home.

He did so. He brought Carol home right after dinner, his indifference plainly indicating that he considered her a duty date to be dumped as quickly as possible. Not ten minutes later Carol saw him drive by, Elise beside him, other of the dinner guests holding down the back seat, all laughing and on their way, no doubt, to dance.

Carol was furious, then crushed with a hopeless sort of patience that made Susan's heart ache.

Susan had troubles of her own. Uncle Horace came over one evening, and told her that she was dipping into her capital and must stop it.

Susan was really frightened, and spent the next evening covering sheets of paper with all manner of reductions and subtractions.

"One thing's certain," she announced. "Mrs. Kelly will have to go."

Tookie heard, and said nothing, not even "Why." Apparently she was happy and busy about her play, and if she wriggled under the hedge almost every day, Susan didn't know it.

One night at bedtime Tookie said to her mother, "I don't think I like living here any more. It isn't any fun."

That gave Susan a bad moment. She took Tookie on her lap and explained that fun is not all there is to living. "Why?"

Susan heard herself trying to explain. She sounded exactly like Aunt Het or Aunt Myra. She knew it, and dropping explanations, she told Tookie a story instead and sent her up to bed smiling.

Mrs. Kelly did not come to clean that week. Late one afternoon her big old car drew up before Professor Osborne's. Tookie saw it and raced out.

Mrs. Kelly was in a hurry as usual. She had left her best scrubbing brushes on Professor Osborne's sink, and she had come to collect them.

"I don't suppose he's home, Tookie, darlin'," said Kelly. "But he leaves an extra key under the pot of geraniums. I'll just go in. He won't mind, and besides it's clouding up. A storm's coming, and I've a wash on the line at home."

Tookie did not tag Mrs. Kelly in search of the brushes. Nobody saw her standing there by the big old car. Nobody saw her slip in the door, over the front seat, down into the cavernous back and under Kelly's great pile of clean dry clothes.

THE STORM had broken when Susan missed Tookie. She searched the house. She packed Carol into a greatcoat and sent her out to scour the neighborhood. She sat in the living room by herself, and as the minutes went by, worry rose within her.

She was frightened. Not just for Tookie, but for all of them. She was home in Cranbrook, safe and sound, and frightened. It seemed so strange. She had never been afraid in Europe, even when she was alone with the

children, and John off to report war and trouble. Life then had had zest and glow. Why was that?

It came to Susan suddenly that for weeks Tookie had been trying to tell her something—something big and important that Tookie was too small to understand or put into words.

Carol returned alone.

"I've looked everywhere," she said. "Nobody's even seen Tookie. I met that great big conceited football player in front of his frat house. Actually he offered to help. We won't come back until we find her."

Susan said, "If Mrs. Kelly had come today, I'd think Tookie had gone home with her. I can't sit still. I'm going to look too. Maybe Tookie went next door."

"I went there. Nobody's home."

"Professor Osborne's home now," Susan insisted. "There's a light."

The wind was blowing fiercely as Susan rang Professor Osborne's bell. She had to step inside to tell him what was wrong.

"Tookie gone?" Professor Osborne said. "Well, well, we can't have that. Certainly I know Tookie. She and I have been carrying on a—a sort of an affair."

He looked at Susan critically.

"As a matter of fact I saw Tookie this noon. She paid me a great compliment. She slipped through the hedge to ask if she might come over and live with me."

That was too much for Susan, who burst into tears.

Professor Osborne was badly flustered.

"I wish I could learn to keep my mouth shut," he said loudly. "That's the trouble with professors. No sense. No sense at all. Please don't cry like that, Mrs. Hall. You have no idea how it distresses me."

"It distresses me too," said Susan between sobs. "How would you feel if your little girl said she didn't like living in your house any more, because it wasn't any fun?"

Professor Osborne blinked like a large owl.

"Well," he said, "is it?"

Susan stopped crying.

"No," she admitted. "It's miserable."

Professor Osborne blinked harder than ever.

"Have you called your aunts?" he asked. "Do you suppose she'd go to them? No—no—no—of course she wouldn't. They're pickle pussies."

"Oh!" said Susan. "So that's where Tookie learned—"

"No, it isn't. She taught it to me. Wait a minute, Mrs. Hall. I've just thought of something. Now don't go away. I'll be right back."

He dashed into the kitchen and back again.

"I think I know where Tookie is. I noticed this morning that Mrs. Kelly forgot some of her brushes when she cleaned here. They're gone now. Don't you see? She must have come to get them, and probably Tookie saw her, and decided to go home with her."

He put on a coat and an utterly disreputable hat.

"Come on," he said. "Kelly hasn't a telephone. She has a little farm six miles from here. I know the place. Come on."

Continued on page 32

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**Kay Aldridge** \*  
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**I**T'S SO EASY! And quick! Smooth on Jergens Lotion regularly—especially after handwashing. This famous Lotion furnishes beauty-giving, softening moisture most girls' hand skin needs. (Water, wind and cold are so drying to your hand skin!) Two of Jergens' fine ingredients are the same as many doctors rely on to help harsh, "crackable" skin to lovely smoothness. No sticky feeling! The very first application helps! Start now to cultivate enchanting soft hands—with this popular Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00 at any beauty counter.

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(MADE IN CANADA)

## Your Beauty Box :: By Annabelle Lee

### Your Grooming

**I** KNOW a girl who works in a large organization in a job which means she has to call frequently on a number of people throughout the building, gathering information. She makes her fellow-workers smile, because she will never leave the office for one of these calls without brushing her eyebrows, smoothly into line. Of course she's a pretty girl! Of course . . . and with that realization I started checking afresh. The prettiest women and girls are those who definitely take time for their good grooming. Beauty and distinction in many cases is simply exquisite care for details. A clear skin. Shining eyes. Gleaming hair, smoothly coiffed. All of them are attainments which come with personal care. Let's make a beauty resolution for 1941—to take more time for our beauty care. To study the products which are designed to help us attain good looks—and to use them consistently.

### Your Skin

**THERE'S** A very useful group of preparations gathered together to give your skin a regular series of home beauty treatments. These basic aids are named the "classics" in beauty care, and you may choose one for a dry, or for oily and normal skin. For the dry skin the kit includes a special cleansing cream, a nourishing tissue cream, a skin toning lotion, a make-up film and powder for dark or fair skins. For the normal or oily skin, the group includes a cleansing cream that will normalize an oily skin, and animate the pores; a make-up film, skin toning lotion, tissue cream and powder for dark or fair skins. These preparations are very effective and prove again that when you select the group of beauty aids you are going to use, and follow instructions carefully, you can't help but notice a very big improvement in the

texture of your skin. Beauty houses are grouping their preparations in this way as a direct help to you in your home beauty courses.

### Your Hands

**THERE'S** ANOTHER tricky little group of preparations which will bring new beauty and protection to your hands. It will save your hands from roughness and redness—if you follow directions steadily. So many women use their preparations for a week or two and then drop them. Stick at them—and you'll be astonished at the improvement. There's a luscious rich hand cream, for night use and a pair of cotton gloves to keep the cream on you, instead of on the sheets. Or, if you don't want to wear the cream at night, you can put it on while you're relaxing, planning menus, or telephoning. And if you're worrying about crow's-feet around your eyes—remember that crow's-feet around the knuckles are just as much of a giveaway! When you're choosing this inexpensive little kit, you can take your choice of hand massage cream, thick and rich with oils; hand smoother and softer cream; or hand mask cream, a stimulating cream to give your hands a real "facial."

### Your Nails

**IN MANICURING** your nails, keep the file always at right angles to the nail. Never run it across so that it nearly parallels the nail. This thins the nail edge, making it prone to split or break. Don't expect a nail white pencil to do all your bleaching for you. The nails should be scrubbed completely clean before nail white is used under the tip.

Don't cut cuticle. In the long run, it's a time-saver to keep cuticle in shape with cuticle remover and nail cream, because you'll have less trouble with hangnails. And don't work on cuticle

at all until it's been softened, first by soaking, then by cream.

Don't wave fingers in the air when you're putting polish on. Rest them on your manicure pillow, and polish will go on twice as smoothly. Take time to run polish remover over nails first, to be sure they are absolutely free of the last trace of oil or soapy water. Take time to drain the polish brush at the edge of the bottle so polish won't go on too thickly. Then apply a coat of polish base first, two coats of polish over it. This does sound like extra time, but it will save it in the end by cutting down on the number of times you have to apply a new coat of polish.

Another pointer—do your right hand first! It's harder to put polish on with the left hand, and you'll do a better job with it if you do it first. The last five nails are always the hardest.

\*\*\*

If you want to see whether a color is becoming when only a small sample of it is available, try this little trick. Take the small mirror from your purse and place the sample across the bottom. Then when you look into the mirror you can see what effect the color has on your skin and make-up.

\*\*\*

Try brushing your hair for five minutes, five nights a week. In a month you'll begin to notice the difference. And in three months your hair will be radiant.

\*\*\*

In putting on your protective creams, which as I've pointed out are particularly important in Canada, use them lavishly around the eyes and mouth, and very lightly on your nose. Don't put any around your nostrils unless your skin is very dry. Some women run only a light touch of cream down the bridge of their nose—a helpful idea for those who are troubled with shiny noses! ■

(I'll be glad to send you further details for any of these beauty preparations if you write me.)

## Hello, Problem Child! :: Continued from page 25

princess lines (beltless) and one-color costumes with blending stockings. Go in for narrow, high-crowned hats and high heels. Straight slimming lines in general will help you.

**Too Fat or Too Thin?** If those hand-maidens of beauty—exercise, massage and diet—can do nothing for your tonnage, stop worrying about it and develop your sense of humor. Wear dark clothes with good lines or dull fabrics. And get very gay hats. You'll be surprised at how much a smart hat and good, well-swirled hairdress will do to take away from your bulk.

Being too thin is a cinch—or so the heavy-hearted forty-two will tell you! The main thing is to look healthy with it. Then get wide spectacular belts that give you zip. All the tricky two- and three-color combinations, the horizontal line effects and peplums and side drapes are yours for the wearing. Leave the plain skirt and sweater, or blouse and skirt, to the less generously proportioned. Wear your pullovers bright, with plenty of pattern. And you can go to town on those nice shaggy English tweeds.

**Too Patchy?** Maybe you read all the fashion magazines and get the right gadgets and accessories, and then turn out looking like a junk shop after all. Did you ever notice it's always a matter of wearing this or that, not piling the whole kaboodle on at once. For instance, be wary of contrasts. It's the little thing called flair that makes the girl with the scarlet bandanna and the green sport dress look spectacular. It's something in a woman's heart that matches the purple gloves and hat and shoes she puts on with a yellow dress—if she's successful in it. So if you haven't the spirit of daring, don't do it. Stick to harmonies and one-color combinations. Nothing will make you look more like a Christmas tree than too many bright accessories sticking out all over you. It's a good rule of thumb to match your shoes to your dress; gloves likewise, or to your hat. If your legs or ankles are bad in these days of knee-duster skirts, you'll find that dull-shaded stockings in tones to blend with your dress and shoes are your best bet. Medium-sized heels help, and while ankle hose are all right for sport wear, avoid knee length sox.

**Can't be Suave?** Almost everybody has a different definition for that perfectly groomed look. I think it starts with a good foundation garment and a skilful make-up and hair-do. Then a lot depends on knowing that every button and stitch and hook and hemline is secure and trustworthy. And that you've whisked away every flicker of a wrinkle or a hair or a spot before you started out. Once you've done all these things, you can forget your outfit and remember to walk and sit attractively and talk well. Then, of course, you must be comfortable in everything you wear. A too-tight brassiere, a hitching girdle, or a hat you know is slithering backward and forward gives you an uneasiness that soon affects your companions. Then, there's a point of having things you know are good, clothes that will stand up under scrutiny. After all, you can wear but one dress at a time. Why not have two good ones in place of a closet full of cheap and sleazy stuff?

Clothes may make the man. Choose and wear your things properly and you'll find that the woman makes the clothes. ■

## CALL TO THE COLORS

Simplicity  
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3564Simplicity  
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3566

Simple to Make

YOU KNOW how school life may begin to pall a little, even on the most ardent thirsters after knowledge? Well, here are some grand ralliers in the forms of bright new outfits to knock the next-seaters' eyes out.

Do them in those brave red, white and blue tones we're all so proud to wear nowadays.

Guaranteed to turn any young lass into a slave to book carrying is our jaunty Simplicity sailor frock, No. 3585. Try it in navy blue wool with white collar and scarlet ties. Or, if she's very dark, beige covert cloth trimmed with red braid would be smart.

And in No. 3566 we give you two versions of a dress just made for the kind of girl who stays to help teacher. Especially the long-sleeved, tie-and-belt number, which would be very popular in a rich plaid. Done with short sleeves, in white-dotted navy silk, it would make a fetching outfit for dancing class or Saturday parties.

If you're lucky enough to have twins, assorted sexes, here are two versions of our especially designed twin outfits, No. 3571 and No. 3564. Navy blue pants and skirt and white top would be fetching. Or do them for big brother and sister in red and white checks, with dark green flannels for the boy.

Pattern Descriptions on Page 49.



**No. 3608**—Tucks for texture—chic rows of them, stitched round and round above a perfectly simple skirt. The shoulder line is flatteringly severe—the button panel soft to your throat. Try it in new winter-navy serge with quietly glowing jewel buttons.

**No. 3609**—A soft dress with front fullness for big-little afternoons under town. Make it of fashionable beige wool for bright weather under your winter coat, and try a brilliant new idea—along the surplice closing, pin a glittering row of three enamelled cherubs or rhinestone hearts, graduated in size.

**No. 3619**—Gathers, gathers everywhere, to give you the consummate lady look—with a vertical focus, for slimmness. The proud neckline points straight down to three buttons; the buttons point to a corset-smooth waist. In benedictine brown crepe, collar you can fasten with a gold link pin. But note the subtlety of feminine shirring in the bodice, double cascades of drapery below your waist—frankly for flattery. Make it in a warm shade of grey silk jersey or velveteen. ❖

**No. 3616**—Cleverly tailored military slimmness, and a boyishly open collar you can fasten with a gold link pin. But note the subtlety of feminine shirring in the bodice, double cascades of drapery below your waist—frankly for flattery. Make it in a warm shade of grey silk jersey or velveteen. ❖

Pattern Descriptions on Page 49

## Little Dresses for Big Days

*The Mature Woman :: Continued from page 27*

I know one woman who learned very quickly, because a day or so after she had had a permanent, she made arrangements to go back to her hairdresser and do her hair herself, while her hairdresser watched. She was told her mistakes in her combing, and she has learned to handle her curls very effectively.

Remember that your hair is a vital

living force, and that it will respond quickly to proper care. If you brush it and comb it repeatedly in certain waves, and keep your hair roots nourished with a good tonic, you'll find that the hair will grow steadily in beauty.

Take these styles to your hairdresser next time you go for your permanent—and here's hoping that you find a great pleasure in your new appearance! ■

*Marriage Is My Career :: Continued from page 11*

think what they liked, but if I said nothing no one could prove anything. I would stay for a week or so and enjoy the visit; but I found I could not be content to stay longer. I hit the trail back to home and husband—and believe me I was glad to see them and ready to make a fresh start! When we quarrelled I told no one, but when it had blown over I tried to make right my share in it. One of the first rules for any successful member of an organization is not to complain in public; and the same rule is certainly an important one in marriage.

In the development of our marriage into a successful home, we had to make many adjustments—just as the most brilliant member of any firm has to do. As the years went by and we faced certain difficulties, we made a point of acknowledging them and discussing them from every angle, in order to find a way out. I believe most successful businesses are developed with frequent "conferences" of the key men and women concerned, and a definite plan of action is laid. In our home we frequently have conferences at which both my husband and myself and our children discuss what is happening in the home and how best we may overcome any difficulty which has arisen.

I regard the children very definitely as shareholders in the success of our home. We speak to them constantly about our ideal of what our home should be. We show them how they can help and give them a very definite role to play. They understand what home can, and should, mean to them—and what they can mean to us. I look on them as members of the family to be trained just as I would train any new members who entered the firm. They must know what we are trying to build. They must contribute their share. These "conferences" were started when they were very little, so that we have grown used to them. The children started with the most simple little incidents which had occurred in their life. Through the years as we have learned to talk naturally together, they are presenting points of view which are of vital import-

ance in general to their way of thinking.

The duties of my job are laid out very definitely for me, and I try to work at them with the realization that I should very soon be fired from any important position if I did not fulfill them. The proper planning of meals, the right diet to build nerve strength as well as physical energy, the constant awareness of the development of my children—this all represents a very important phase in the successful handling of my own particular career.

Through the years there have been periods of depression. The financial strain of several children, the restrictions of a young family, my ill health, and the ordinary wear and tear of life, have all been a part of our lives. There were many times, of course, when in spite of all our good intentions and our affection for each other and for the children, our home was not nearly as happy a one as it might have been.

But just as practice and training and a realization of what one is trying to do bring a definite result in any business or profession, so we found it with the growing strength of our home life. Whatever the difficulty was, we called the family together, discussed it, and found out how each one of us could help to meet it.

After going through various stages, we are at the place where life is interesting and living is fun. We take time to read, talk, and play games with the children, and use constructive suggestions to correct their faults and wrong behavior. Children learn from example and environment, and we are finding our children happier and more easily disciplined. We are learning to become a united, happy family. We make mistakes, but they are not failures unless we refuse to profit by them. My career is paying me dividends in a richness of living that is a better return than I could find anywhere else for the investment of my life's work and interest. My husband and I are more in love than ever we were, and there is no monotony! We are finding marriage a thrilling adventure in co-operation between a man, a woman, and God. ■

*Girls Men Dream About :: Continued from page 24*

The beauty specialist thought it was the woman who had a surprise every time you saw her . . . something fresh and unusual. Perhaps a new flower arrangement in her hair; an unusual twist of fabrics for a girdle; a different necklace. "Men hate monotony in dress as well as other things," he said.

The night club host, who sees thousands of women walk to their tables every year, thought it was carriage.

"A woman should walk as though she had the world at her feet, but was too gracious to step on it," he said.

Richard Le Gallienne once described a lovely woman as "a thing of dawn and dew and spray."

Today, you are being called upon to use your hands and your head for your country.

Please use your heart, and your imagination, too. ■



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THEY STOPPED long enough to leave a note for Carol. The storm now was really terrific. It pushed and pulled at the car. It roared at the top and beat against the windows.

"You'd better move over a little closer to me, Mrs. Hall. The window's beginning to leak on your side. Yes—I know I'm a learned bore. Tookie told me. But I don't bite."

"She told you that?"

"Yes, and don't apologize. I saw you at those lectures with your Aunt Penfield and her serious thinkers. How could I help noticing you? You were the only woman present under sixty."

He grinned suddenly. "I'm scared to death of those aunts of yours, Mrs. Hall," he admitted. "They remind me of some of the old Osbornes."

Susan said, "Do you think Tookie is—is—"

"Of course Tookie's all right. She's probably having a perfectly beautiful time eloping with Mrs. Kelly. Not that I blame her. I'm a little in love with Mrs. Kelly myself. The whole town is. She's learned the secret of living in this peculiar world."

"What is the secret?" Susan asked slowly. "What is the secret, Professor Osborne?"

"Well—I-I," he said thoughtfully, "I guess it's just this. If you can't live in the old secure world, at least you can learn to be supple and enjoy yourself in the new jittery world."

"But that's it!" Susan cried. "That's what Tookie's been trying to tell me. That's what the Penfields will never learn. But I know how to do it, Professor Osborne. I did it all my years with John. I had forgotten. Don't you see—"

SHE STOPPED. So did the car. A large tree had fallen directly across the road. There was nothing to do but get out and walk.

The storm had abated when they reached the door of her farmhouse. Professor Osborne had torn his coat and lost his hat. Susan was minus one heel. Both were wet and bedraggled.

Through the window they could see Mrs. Kelly and Tookie. Mrs. Kelly was standing over the stove, laughing and talking. Tookie was setting the table for supper.

Professor Osborne banged loudly on the kitchen door, and without waiting for anyone to answer, opened it wide.

"Put on two more plates, Tookie," he called in. "You have visitors."

Nobody mentioned Tookie's runaway. Mrs. Kelly explained to Susan that she didn't find Tookie until she reached home, and would have brought her right back, except for the fact that trees blocked the road. That was all.

Presently there was another banging at the door. Carol and Bill Dewey had found Susan's note and followed. There was nothing quiet or withdrawn about Carol now. Her cheeks were red and her eyes sparkling.

"We're starved," she said. "We nearly drowned too. I got stuck in a mud puddle, and Bill fell down, and I've torn my dress, and we're both so hungry we ache all over. Tookie, put on more plates, darling."

IT WAS a memorable evening. Just once Tookie's shining little face clouded an instant. She looked at Susan a bit anxiously.

"This is fun," she said. "Don't you think this is fun, Susan?"

Susan said, "It's like old times,

## FASHION SHORTS +

BY KAY MURPHY

ENTER 1941! The absolute necessity of a little print dress, for grey days and dark nights. If there is a small daughter in your house, and you plan to make the dress yourself, get a smidgin more material and make one the same for her. It's the New York way of showing you're relations!

THE NEW splinterproof helmets the girls in London are wearing. So nobbish are they that Fifth Avenue is copying them swiftly, only in felt, not tin. Our English cousins are tying theirs on with brightly colored ribbons that bow perkily under the chin.

THE "SOUTH" American Way—a definite theme for now and far into the spring. If you're using up some spare winter time in running up some spring and summer dresses, give a thought to your Latin good-neighbors, and you'll find you'll be on the right side of the fashion picture, come the warm weather.

THE RED flannel petticoat is back again. But now it is used as an interlining. So cover it up with bright sateen or taffeta—quilt it if you will—but be cozy anyway you make it.

THE "LITTLE SUIT" to wear under your winter coat. If it must do double duty into the warm weather, make it of wool or some other sturdy fabric. But I wish you could have a little one made of bengaline or taffeta. So dressy looking—and grand for warm weather later on.

IF THERE is a new skating or ski suit in the cards for you, do make it, or choose it, in the red, white and blue colors. So patriotic and so very, very ultra, don't you know!

A NEW ATTITUDE toward fashions. They must be practical but peppy. Jazz up your little dark dress with a bright belt and scarf, or add on rhinestone pockets. On your sweaters replace the usual buttons with tiny velvet bows, or stick a sparkling brooch aslant the neckline. Add some bright flowers to that plain little hat, or make a flowered toque for yourself (for flowers will bloom this winter, tra la). Keep the home fires burning—add color and subtract dullness.

PLAN TO "Buy British—Buy Canadian—and Win the War!" Even if you have only a few dollars to spend, put those dollars to work for the Empire. I don't want to sermonize. But you can still get a lot of fashion value in spending your Canadian money the Canadian way.

Saw tiny safety pins, brightly lacquered, strung on cord for a necklace and twin matching bracelets; ditto colorful buttons, ditto toy clothespins in varied bright colors . . .

I SAW . . . a smart new ski outfit. A culotte skirt (instead of the trousers) in dark grey, white wool jacket, bright red belt with white and red heart-shaped pocket to hold your hanky and such handy . . . more military-minded coats, dresses and hats along Fifth Avenue than ever before in my life. For we're "In the Army Now"—and the gals have beaten the U.S. Draftees to the draw! Brass buttons—heavy leather belts (studded with nailheads), gold braid epaulets, cadet caps—you'd think the women had been conscripted along with the men. And do they look cute!

. . . navy dresses fussed up with seaweed green accessories. A flattering duet.

. . . plenty of sun-yellow blouses, sweaters and jerkins with aqua skirts.

. . . aprons for morning, afternoon and evening. The last, oft-times in sequins or beads, may be detached and worn cape-wise on the whim of the moment.

. . . more dinner suits than ever before. The tailored lapels sometimes covered with tiny flowers, sequins or vividly colored in contrast to the ensemble.

. . . cream wool frocks under fur coats, at the opening hockey games.

FUR ODDS and ends brighten up the midwinter outfit. Fur buttons, fur pockets on dresses; ermine tails slung on a chain for a necklace; fur "blobs" tied to the zipper of your overshoes, or your handbag; and so many of the very smart fur hats are really fur skull-caps jutting forth with lace, veiling or paisley silk brims. ■

Tookie. We're going to keep it this way."

Meanwhile it never occurred to Aunt Het and Aunt Myra that anything could go amiss with their plans. They were grateful that Susan had become a true Penfield at last. She had acquired dignity. She had learned resignation.

Dear Susan! She was safe at last. They need worry about her no longer.

AUNT MYRA telephoned Susan one day for a brief chat on the sad state of the universe, and found her unusually acquiescent. Yes, the storm had been very bad. Such a pity. So much destruction. Yes, the news from Europe was worrying.

Perhaps Susan overdid it just a trifle, because that afternoon Aunt Myra and Aunt Het decided to pay her a call.

"I do hope Susan isn't worrying about Carol," said Aunt Myra. "I'm afraid Carol is a rather difficult girl."

They marched up the walk to Susan's big old house, up the steps and onto the porch. They approached the door, and stopped.

The door was open, and Aunt Het and Aunt Myra looked in upon a scene which froze their old bones to the marrow.

Susan was seated on the sofa, back to the door. Professor Osborne was standing in the middle of the floor, speaking in a great booming voice.

"And I tell you, Susan, this young lady is getting too smart to live with. Just too smart. I think I'll give her a whopper special smacking. Would you object, my dear?"

Susan went on knitting. She said, "Not at all, but I warn you, if you take over, you must continue. I shall turn all the smackings over to you."

"Gladly. Come, Tookie—Tookie—"

There was an answering giggle. Aunt Het and Aunt Myra saw Tookie bolt across the room like a flash, slide under the old square piano, and crouch there. To their horror they saw Professor Osborne start in pursuit.

"Get her, Herbert," Susan urged. "Go on. Catch her, Herbert."

Tookie let out a loud squeal, wriggled under the piano, out the other side, down the hall to the kitchen, flinging open the door and all but knocking Mrs. Kelly from her sturdy moorings.

The kitchen seemed filled with people. Carol was there, and the football player Elise had been nice enough to introduce to her, and several of his fraternity brothers.

They must have had a water fight, because they were engaged in mopping up—a manoeuvre which Mrs. Kelly was supervising with evident enjoyment, loud directions and a broom.

That was all Aunt Het and Aunt Myra had a chance to see, because with a loud, "Catch her, Kelly," Professor Osborne dashed into the kitchen, slamming the door behind him. There was the sound of a terrific scuffle.

Aunt Myra coughed nervously and rang the bell.

Susan said, "How nice to see you. Come in."

They went in. They sat down.

"Such a racket," Susan said. "It's awful, isn't it? Just bedlam. It gets worse every day. You know, I don't believe I'll ever again have a peaceful quiet moment. Isn't it wonderful?"

The Penfields did not speak. For once in their lives they were stumped. They knew now that Susan—and after all they'd done for her too—had learned absolutely nothing. ■

everything possible for these young war guests who charm by their shy gratitude and their pleasant fresh voices.

It is the second time since the beginning of the present war that the Daughters of the Empire have come to the aid of British young people. The previous occasion took place when thousands of children had been moved out of London and other crowded centres to places of greater safety in the Mother Country. The need for warm clothing for many of them, especially in cases

where their fathers had been unemployed, was brought to the attention of the Order through the Home Office in London, and in an incredibly short time hundreds of bales of new clothing and blankets were forwarded from Chapters of the Order all over Canada. Quantities of letters of grateful thanks were received from those charged with the task of distributing the clothing, and from the children themselves, the latter addressing their letters to "Dear Ladies of Canada." ■

### Haanel Cassidy :: Continued from page 19

graphing something close at hand. There's a photograph in a tiny twig casting a shadow in the snow . . . a garbage can at the back door . . . a cluster of reeds in a pond . . . the trunk of a tree . . . the back of a baby's head . . .

And it isn't as though this was just so much theoretical advice Cassidy is passing on. He himself has actually turned in superb photographs with just those subjects. He has a series of twelve studies of twigs in the snow—all of them delicate little masterpieces of composition. He spent three whole days photographing a single tree, exposing forty films and getting a series of pattern pictures which it would be silly for me to try to describe to you. Someone once asked Cassidy how he would describe in words a certain one of his pictures. "I can't describe it in words," he replied. "That's why I photographed it."

Haanel Cassidy, whose active mind and nimble wit show themselves clearly in many of his photographs, is adept at the "retort courteous." On another occasion he was giving a private showing of his snow pictures. A woman went into

rhapsodies over one of them. "Oh, it's wonderful!" she cried. "It's so delicate!" One of the other viewers did not share her enthusiasm. "Oh," he said, "it's just overexposed." Cassidy smilingly turned to him. "That's indelicate," he said.

Cassidy's first baby photograph—the one which he says started him off as a "baby specialist"—was a shot of his first child, taken at the age of thirty-six hours! Young David Cassidy and his sister, Sylvia, have since been photographed from every angle known to man, at all hours of the day and night and in all states of attire from winter woolies to what they wear in the bathtub. However, they seem to bear up well under the strain of being model children and they now face the camera with the sang-froid of a Hollywood screen star.

Nevertheless, there have been several minor crises in the Cassidy household, when Art has come in conflict with Upbringing. At the present time there is a little family feud over Sylvia's hair. Mrs. Cassidy (no doubt prompted by her daughter) wants the tresses to go, but Mr. Cassidy is all for leaving them on—because Sylvia makes such a cute photograph in pigtails! ■

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A mere bowel movement doesn't always get at the cause. You need something that works on the liver as well. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless and gentle, they make the bile flow freely. They do the work of calomel but have no calomel or mercury in them. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name! Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25¢

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## "The Little Visitors"

By Mary Agnes Pease

*"He who gives a child a treat  
Makes joybells ring in heaven's street,  
And he who gives a child a home  
Builds palaces in kingdom come."*

THE influx of sturdy British boys and girls to this Dominion to stay with temporary foster-parents "for the duration" has called forth the sympathy of the Canadian people, and the desire to do everything possible for the well-being and happiness of these small and valiant visitors.

The privilege of taking care of over five hundred of these children in the few weeks interim between their arrival and their placement in foster-homes, was the happy experience of the members of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire in Toronto. This task was undertaken at Hart House and at some of the residences of the University of Toronto which had been placed at the disposal of the Ontario Government.

The Order's first association with the children began one morning when we had charge of the tables at breakfast in the beautiful dining hall of Hart House. It was an unusual sight to see hundreds of children of both sexes come trooping into this very exclusive hall with its high vaulted ceiling and panelled walls.

At the table at which I had the job of supervisor, the first lot were all boys. At my right was a little chap of about eight with tight, fair curls, and merry blue eyes. "I'm no wearin' ma kilt today," he offered by way of a conversational gambit. "I wear it only when the day's sunny." Then, after regarding me critically, he added: "Maybe you could tell though that I was Scottish?"

Another small boy at my table refused to be separated from one of the local schoolmasters who had brought the group to breakfast. In fact, the boy held tightly by one hand to the man's coat, and tried to manage his table implements with the other hand, until he was assured that "the nice, kind man who looks like Daddy," would have breakfast with him. Among the children at the "second sitting" was a little girl, fair

and ethereal-looking, but whose appetite belied this beatitude, as she ate everything put before her with neatness and dispatch, and asked for more. "But," I said, "you've already had fruit, porridge, an egg, bread and honey and milk." "I'd like another egg," she repeated, looking soulfully at me. She got it!

"My Mummy will be having lunch now" another little girl informed me. "I've just counted the hours difference in time." Tears were in her eyes as she added: "Mummy will be sad without me."

Few of these children belong to what is usually referred to as the "privileged class." For the most part they come from the middle classes, and a number of them from workingmen's homes.

These young guests were delighted with Canadian food, especially ice cream, which one child referred to as "dream food." Even dishes that they did not like at home, they accepted when told that these were "produced in Canada," but they drew the line at spaghetti which they dubbed "Mussolini's dish."

Some tall tales of the children are told by those who were in charge of the University guest houses. For example, Gordon, a Scottish lad, was found to be crying and when interrogated, said that he wanted his pal. "But," he was told, "there's a boy in the room with you." "He's no ma pal, he's English," said Gordon heatedly. "I'm a Scotsman, and I'll no sleep wi' an Englishman. I prefer to sleep alone."

A boy from Glasgow was hunting about for his sporran before going for a walk, and was told by the person in charge to come along and not bother about it. "Oh, but I must find it. I dinna want to be taken for a lassie."

Another Scottish boy said: "I'm fair tired of that song, 'There'll Always be an England.' What about Scotland? She's no likely to fa' any more than England!"

Insistence on the use of a toothbrush irked one of the English lads, and in answer to the usual query as to whether he had used it, said: "It's absolutely unnecessary, sir."

These children are all now in their wartime homes, and are reported as well and happy. The intensification of submarine warfare and of stormy winter weather has hampered the exodus of further large numbers of young guests to this country for some time to come. When conditions of travel improve, Canadians hope that the thousands expected will arrive to be their guests for an indefinite period.

Shortly after the arrival of the first contingent of children, the Government of Ontario deputed the entire charge of them and of future evacuees coming to Toronto, until dispersed, to the Daughters of the Empire. The members of this organization in Toronto have undertaken this new duty with their usual efficiency, and are delighted to do

## New Year's Eve

By Robina Monkman



Upon the threshold of another year

We pause tonight where silence veils the world  
And tender drifts of new-spun snow lie curled  
Above the barren scars of pain and fear;  
We have drunk deep of Sorrow's bitter wine,  
And watched our splendid visions flame and die  
When legioned hate came trampling down the sky  
To sere the brand of death upon each vine.

Lord, let our sacrifice be not in vain,

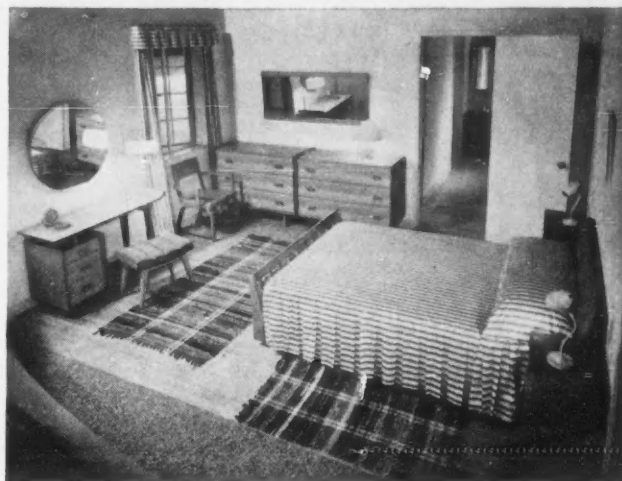
We have kept faith but we grow weary now,  
Our hearts are hungry for the lonely plow,  
For the long furrow and the golden grain;  
Rein in the tides, beat back the winds, O Lord,  
And free us from the shadow of the sword!

## A DEPARTMENT FOR HOUSE PLANNING, DECORATING AND FURNISHING



For comfortable living this room is the last word. Everything is conveniently at hand. The two-tone broadloom, striped rayon curtains, plain and seawave upholstery, and modern furniture make the room outstandingly attractive.

Simplicity is the keynote of this bedroom. Swedish furniture of "up-to-the-minute" design, drapes and rugs of habitant fabrics and linoleum of harmonizing pastels. (Both rooms by Gilbert Rohde, designer.)



away from the family, instead of her having to go through the house to the attic.

The den over the garage is also a sunroom, and can be used as a library, study or guest room.

Master bedroom is a complete unit including bath and dressing room, and it is virtually cut off from the rest of the floor, which I think you will agree is very desirable in the best regulated families. Attic rooms were omitted, thus saving cost in the construction of the roof. Storage space for trunks and odds and ends is provided in the basement, as well as a spacious recreation room well lighted.

The result achieved had the effect of convincing Mrs. X that architects can design workable houses if the closest co-operation between all parties concerned is observed.

Many of our readers have definite ideas on planning a house, therefore would it not be a good New Year's resolution to register yourself with the program committee of your circle or club, by suggesting a program to include house planning and furnishing, decorating and equipment?

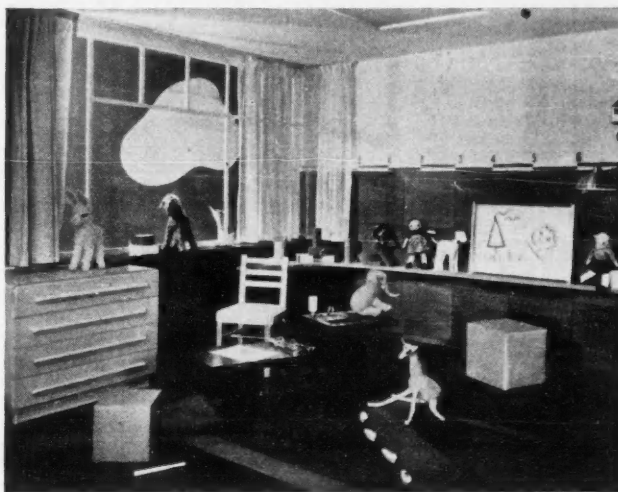
It would be a comparatively easy matter to plan it around your own home, both present and future, and have lots of fun. *Chatelaine* is always at your service.



When not in use this extension table folds up into a neat case that takes up little room against the wall. It has two drop-leaves and will seat six. (Gilbert Rohde, designer.)

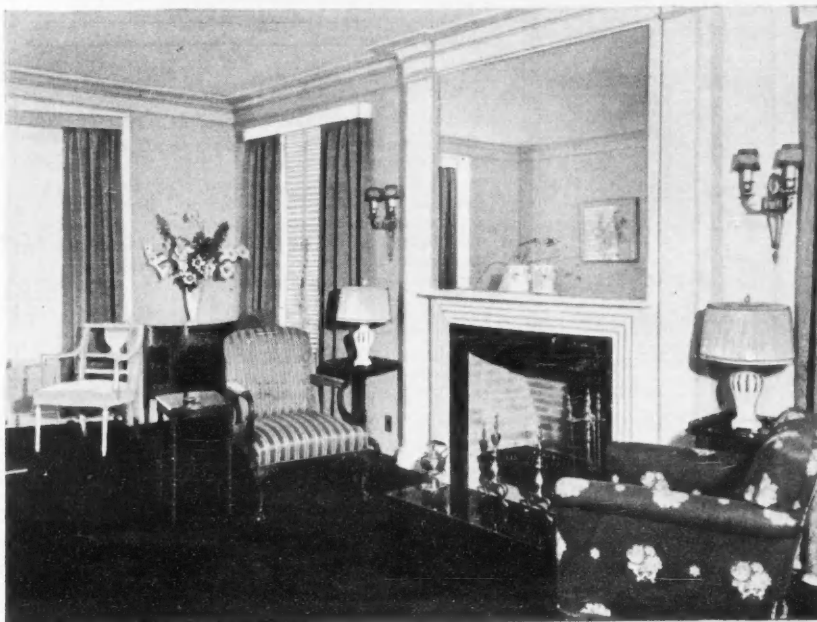
Such a group could include husbands, who would be very useful for research work on construction—the finer things, such as finishings and equipment, being left to the women. How about trying it out on your club or circle secretary?

Here is a nursery designed for mothers! The walls and floors are of soundproof cork. All the furniture used in the room has rounded corners and it has been finished in eatproof varnish. (Theodor Muller, designer.)



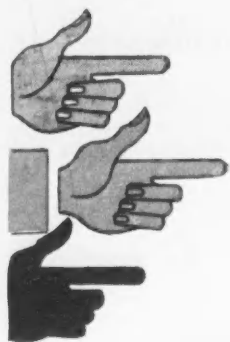
An architectural gem—dignity with comfort. Light grey walls, dusty rose drapes, dark beige broadloom, and a combination of Queen Anne and Regency furniture make this a charming room. (Gordon Adamson, architect)

Glass bricks form an excellent background for dinettes and breakfast nooks. Here they are combined with modern dark honey furniture, plain beige drapes and mulberry carpet. Chair seats are of simulated leather.









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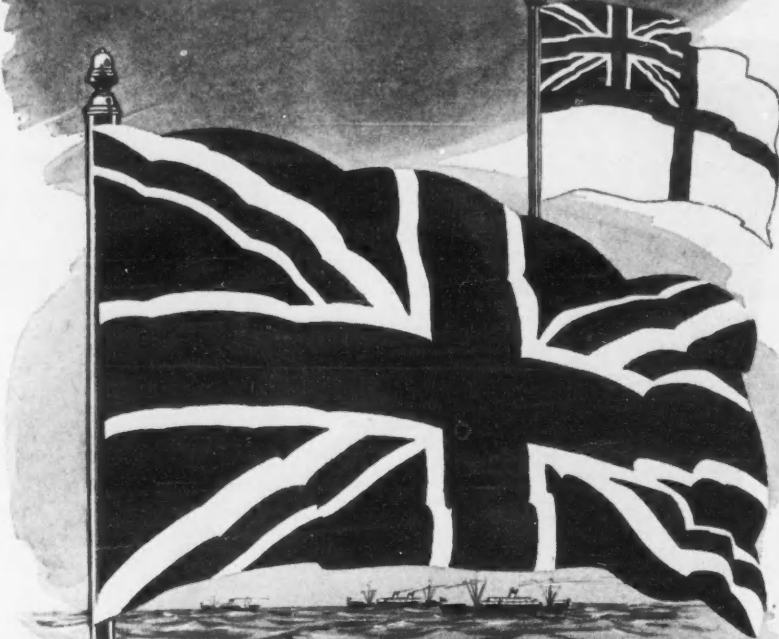
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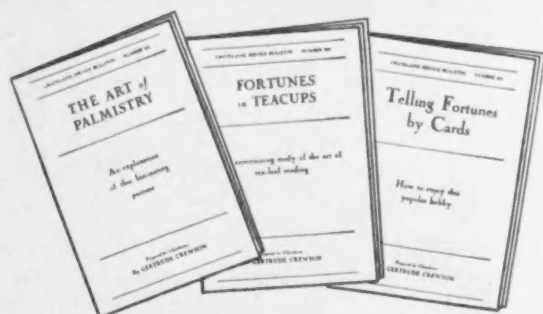
Ottawa



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WITH THE HELP OF THESE

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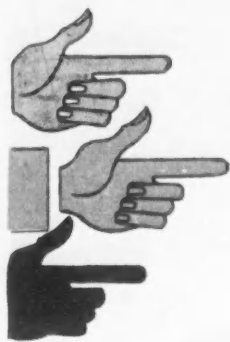
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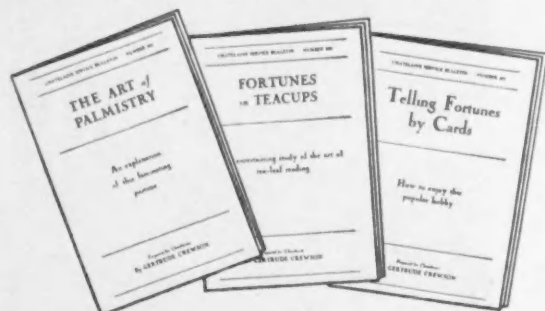
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Serve it plain, with lots of cocoanut sprinkled on top. Snowcap for Black Beauty.

**Ginger Gingerbread.** Add one-half cupful of chopped crystallized ginger, dredged in part of the flour, at the final beating.

Try this with marshmallow sauce. We think it's a pippin!

**Cranberry Gingerbread.** Substitute one-half cupful of cranberry sauce for one-half cupful of sour milk. Add at the final beating. This makes a good pudding.

Serve it with a brown sugar or hard sauce. Or, if you're fond of cranberries, serve it with a cranberry sauce.

**Cheese Gingerbread.** Add one-half cupful of grated cheese at the final beating.

Grand with apple sauce. Or ice it with cream cheese; try a lattice topping.

**Corn-'lasses Gingerbread.** Substitute one-half cupful of corn syrup for one-half cupful of molasses. Add to the creamed butter and sugar mixture. Seems to give an extra smooth velvety texture.

Try it with apricots—canned, dried or fresh—as a topping or filling. There's something about this combination.

**Pineapple Gingerbread.** Add one-half cupful of drained pineapple, diced, and dredged in part of the flour, at the final beating.

Good with pineapple sauce. Make it with pineapple juice thickened with cornstarch. Or if you're in a hurry, just use crushed pineapple.

**Maple - Molasses Gingerbread.** Substitute one-half cupful of maple syrup for one-half cupful of molasses. Add to the creamed butter and sugar mixture.

Serve this hot with heated maple syrup after skiing or skating some frosty night. It hits the spot. See if it doesn't!

**Fruited Gingerbread.** Add, dredged in part of the flour, one-half cupful of chopped raisins, dates or nuts, or any combination of these.

Plain gingerbread with just a little added interest. Lemon sauce is good with any of these.

**Chocolate Gingerbread.** Use only one quarter of a cupful of butter and two cupfuls of flour. Add two squares of chocolate, melted, to the creamed

butter and sugar mixture as mentioned.

Honey-marshmallow sauce adds the finishing touch.

**Apple Gingerbread.** When the gingerbread is half done, gently press into the surface peeled apple sections (eighths). Handle quickly and deftly. Then the apples won't sink to the bottom, but will stay well spread nicely through the cake.

Serve with whipped cream.

**Marshmallow Gingerbread.** Cut the gingerbread in half, crosswise (or bake in layers), and place chopped marshmallows between and on top. Return to the oven for three minutes to melt and brown a little.

A quick and easy way to dress up plain gingerbread.

**Banana Gingerbread Shortcake.** Bake gingerbread in two layer pans. Place sliced bananas between the layers and whipped cream with mashed banana folded into it on top. Use nicely ripened bananas—yellow skins with brown flecks.

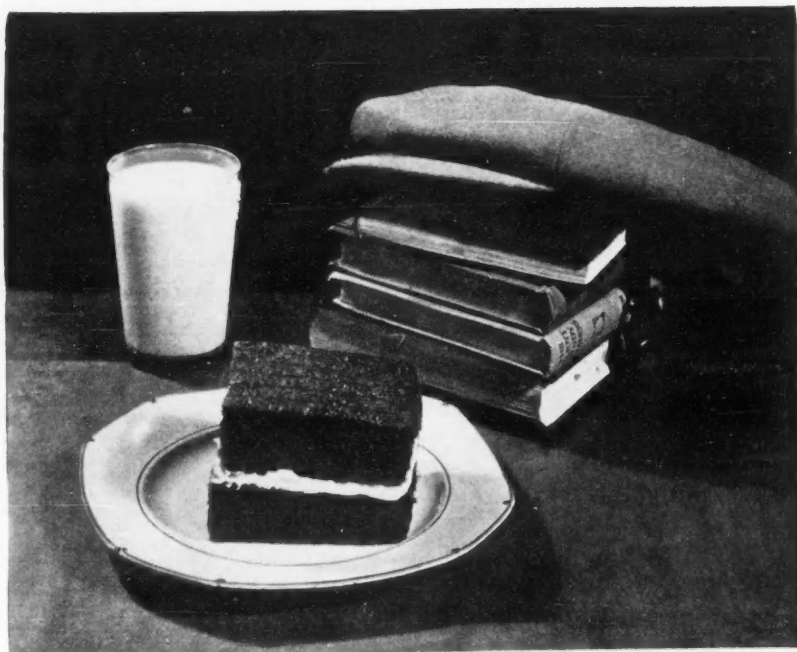
Another quick and easy way to make your plain gingerbread into a company dessert.

**Pear-Upside-Down Gingerbread.** Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter in your heavy frying pan. Add one cupful of brown sugar gradually and stir until melted. Arrange drained canned pear halves, cut side up, to cover the entire surface of the pan. Pour the gingerbread batter over this and bake in the frying pan in a slow oven—335 deg. Fahr.—for thirty to fifty minutes.

A sure success, this dessert. Served with whipped cream or pear sauce it leaves nothing to be desired. If you're especially fond of ginger, try adding a little of the chopped preserved kind to the whipped cream—just a little extra touch you'll like.

**Individual Gingerbreads.** Put the batter in muffin tins. Only about twenty-five minutes is required to bake these. Or cut shallow gingerbread into shapes with plain or fancy cookie cutters. Animal shapes, gingerbread men, hearts, diamonds and so on.

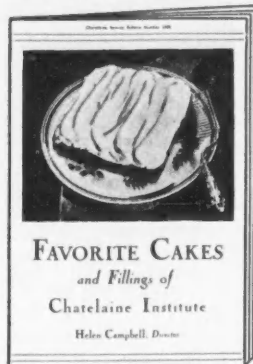
Any of these make novel and interesting ways of serving gingerbread. You may use plain gingerbread, or one with any additions that hit your fancy. Serve plain, with whipped cream, sauce, or with a cheese or fruit topping. ■



Gingerbread is just the thing for after-school appetites.

## CHATELAINE INSTITUTE Brings New Charm to Your Home New Taste Thrills to Your Table

### FIVE CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS



#### FAVORITE CAKES AND FILLINGS

Price 15 Cents—No. 2205

Over sixty recipes tried and proven by the Chatelaine Institute—for everything that goes to make a delectable cake—the cake itself, the filling, the icing. Invaluable if your family's fondness for cakes puts you on the spot in providing variety.

FAVORITE CAKES  
and Fillings of  
Chatelaine Institute  
Helen Campbell, Director

#### FAVORITE DESSERTS OF THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

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Over sixty delicious new desserts—each one flavorful, economical, and carefully tested and approved. Cold—hot—jellied—frozen—fruit—and pastry desserts—a rare collection of recipes for your enjoyment.



#### THIRTY-FOUR PIES

Price 15 Cents—No. 2206

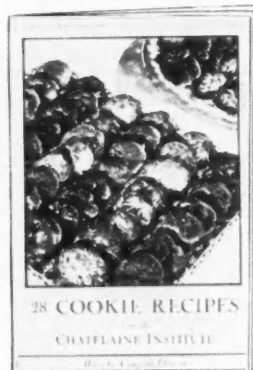
The making of good pastry is a house-wifely art which any woman may master if she is willing to pay the price of strict adherence to a few rules. Little enough, you'll agree, for the royal road to a man's heart! Read the rules in Chatelaine's bulletin and apply them in more than thirty delicious recipes.



#### HOW TO GIVE SUCCESSFUL PARTIES

Price 15 Cents—No. 102

Good talk and good food are the two things you need to make everybody glad they came to your house, says the Director of the Chatelaine Institute in this very useful Bulletin. Why not a dinner in the Russian manner for your next party? Here you will find all sorts of suggestions for Mexican, German, Southern, Chinese and Russian style menus and can learn how to add the foreign touch to your cooking, giving your party guests a pleasant surprise.



#### 28 COOKIE RECIPES

Price 10 Cents—No. 2200

They make your mouth water just to read their names—Filbert macaroons—Butterscotch fingers—Orange circles—Corn-flake date cookies—and many others. Each one selected by the Institute as something very special—a pleasure to make, and a joy to eat!

Order These Really Helpful Service Bulletins by Number From  
**CHATELAINE SERVICE BULLETINS**  
481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO



# HOUSEKEEPING ★ ★ ★ ★

A DEPARTMENT OF HOME MANAGEMENT

Conducted by HELEN G. CAMPBELL.



By MARGARET E. SMITH  
and FRANCES GAVILLER

**H**OT, spicy and fragrant—gingerbread is a topnotcher in the menu. Especially in winter when it seems to be at its best, and this year more than ever, with simple wholesome dishes are an important part of our economy program.

Not only is it a grand dessert in one of its fancier versions, but fresh plain gingerbread is the perfect accompaniment to apple sauce or baked apples, stewed fruit or the canned variety. And it has its other roles—in the lunch box, as light refreshment between meals, or at the buffet supper where gentlemen prefer brunettes. It stars too as a midnight snack and even at the breakfast table; cheese gingerbread muffins with bacon and coffee will bring the household down.

In keeping with the simpler refreshments of wartime, gingerbread is just the thing for knitting bees, thimble teas, sewing circles and other get-togethers—either as a plain old-fashioned cut from the loaf, or dressed up a bit to reward your guests for their patriotic labors.

Now that Jack Frost is really here with all his tricks, those after-school appetites are keener than ever, and a large-sized piece of gingerbread just out of the oven

goes over big with the young fry. Especially if they wield the knife that cuts it!

So get out your trusty mixing bowl and the molasses tin with its iron-rich contents, to bake yourself a cake which is good—and good for you.

Here's the recipe.

## Gingerbread

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ½ Cupful of butter
- ½ Cupful of brown sugar
- 2 Eggs
- 1 Cupful of molasses
- 2½ Cupfuls of flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking soda
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of ginger
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of sour milk

Cream the butter and sugar thoroughly, add the molasses and beat well. Add the eggs and beat again. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the remaining

dry ingredients. Then add alternately with the sour milk to the first mixture. Bake in a greased pan in a slow oven—335 deg. Fahr.—for fifty minutes. This recipe makes a loaf eight inch by eight inch by two inch, or two shallow layers eight inch by eight inch.

## Don't Forget These Rules

Start off—and end up with—good ingredients. Have your measurements accurate—and on the level. Once the flour is added, beat just enough to blend. Avoid overmixing at this stage—to prevent “humping.”

Bake in a slow oven, as a molasses mixture has a tendency to scorch easily. And don't open the oven door any more than you can help. No peeking!

ONCE YOU'VE got the master recipe down pat, you needn't stick to plain gingerbread. Try some of these variations.

**Cocoanut Gingerbread.** Add one-half cupful of cocoanut at the final beating. Turn into pan and sprinkle the top with cocoanut. This gives a nice chewy texture

Continued on next page

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## HERE'S Your chance To Win Prizes for Your Recipes

Calling all cooks—good plain cooks as well as fancy ones.

Chatelaine Institute announces the first of a series of recipe contests open to anyone—men, women or children—except members of the staff of The MacLean Publishing Company or their families.

This month the subject is Canadian Apples. So here's your chance to win a prize with that recipe you're famous for—provided apples are the main or an important ingredient of the dish. Write out your recipe, using level measurements and standard-sized cups and spoons, and send it to Chatelaine Institute, marked "Apple Contest." It does not need to be an elaborate concoction, for a practical, inexpensive and easily made dish of downright good flavor will have just as much chance to win a prize.

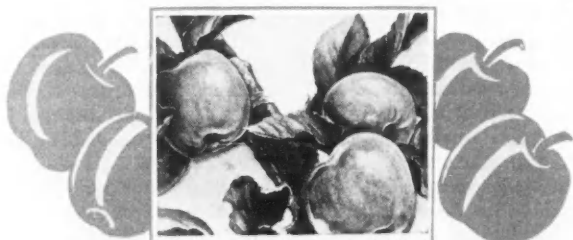
Entries in this Apple Contest will be received until January 31, 1941. All recipes received will then be tested and tasted and judged in Chatelaine Institute by the Institute staff. For the outstanding one of the lot, the sender will receive a Five-Dollar War Savings Certificate. War Savings Stamps to the value of one dollar will be given for the ten next best.

The first prize-winning recipe, together with the name of the sender, will be published in the March issue of Chatelaine.

An Honorable Mention list will be made up of those submitting the ten next best recipes.

### Rules of the Contest

1. The contest is open to anyone except members of the staff of The MacLean Publishing Company or their families.
2. Send only one recipe—and remember, apples must be the chief or a prominent ingredient.
3. Write your recipe clearly, using only one side of the paper. Sign legibly with your name and address.
4. Give only level measurements in standard-sized cups and spoons, as this is the way the recipe will be tested. Give time of cooking and oven temperatures, if used.
5. Specify the variety of apple used and the brand names of the other ingredients.
6. Write a few words (not more than one hundred) about the recipe—its origin, uses, variations, or any interesting features.
7. Mail your recipe by January 31, 1941. Address to Chatelaine Institute, The MacLean Publishing Company, Toronto, marked Apple Contest.
8. All recipes become the property of Chatelaine Institute.



"They must have been giving him

**BOVRIL**"

40-18

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kidneys in good order, to help clear your system of excess acids and poisons caused by colds or other ailments, use Dodd's Kidney Pills, a favourite remedy for more than half a century.

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## MEALS OF THE MONTH for JANUARY

BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	BREAKFAST	DINNER
1 <i>New Year's Day</i> Chilled Tomato Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Mushroom Soup Jellied Vegetable Salad Hot Rolls Mince Tarts Tea Ginger Ale	Roast Duck with Rice Dressing Apple Rings Duchess Potatoes Green Beans Harvard Beets Maraschino Ice Cream Coffee Tea	17 Apple Juice Pancakes Syrup Coffee Tea	Casserole of Oysters and Noodles Lemon Jelly Cookies Tea Cocoa
2 Cranberry Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Jam Tea	Baked Stuffed Onions (use left-over duck) Stewed Apples Fresh Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Grilled Steak Mashed Potatoes Peas Floating Island Coffee Tea	18 Canned Pears Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Corn Chowder Crackers Jellied Cranberry Salad Nut Bread Tea Cocoa
3 Stewed Apricots Bread and Milk Bran Muffins Coffee Jelly Tea	Spanish Rice Celery Canned Plums Gingerbread (left-over) Tea Cocoa	Scalloped Salmon Baked Potatoes Cole Slaw Cranberry Shortcake Coffee Tea	19 (Sunday) Cereal Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Potato Salad Jellied Horse-radish Pumpkin Tarts Whipped Cream Tea Cocoa
4 Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Vegetable Soup Sliced Bologna Lyonnaise Potatoes Mustard Pickles Stewed Apricots (from Friday) Tea Cocoa	Meat Balls Boiled Potatoes Mashed Turnips Sliced Oranges and Bananas Wafers Coffee Tea	20 Tomato Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Creamed Cottage Roll and Peas on Toast Celery Hearts Canned Raspberries Cake (from Sunday) Tea Cocoa
5 (Sunday) Grapefruit Juice Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Fried Oysters with Lemon Brown Rolls Tomato Jelly Salad Baked Apples with Cream Small Cakes Tea Fruit Punch	Bouillon Dressed Spareribs Browned Potatoes Spinach Grape Tapioca Coffee Tea	21 Cereal with Sliced Bananas Stewed Fruit Toast Coffee Tea	Frankfurters and Sauerkraut Brown Rolls Rice Molds with Syrup Tea Cocoa
6 Cereal with Chopped Raisins Bacon Coffee Toast Tea	Baked Beans Brown Bread Head Lettuce Salad Canned Berries Tea Cocoa	Breaded Veal Cutlets Creamed Potatoes Carrots Chocolate Rennet Custard Coffee Tea	22 Stewed Prunes Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Grilled Sardines on Toast Head Lettuce Salad Fruit Cup Cookies Tea Cocoa
7 Raw Apples French Toast Coffee Syrup Tea	Potato Soup Crackers Cheese Jellied Fruit Salad Cream Dressing Tea Cocoa	Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Parsnips Cup Cakes Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea	23 Lemon and Apple Juice Cereal Scones Coffee Marmalade Tea	Corned Beef Hash Mustard Pickles Sliced Bananas with Cream Tea Cocoa
8 Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Lobster on Toast Prune Whip Frosted Cup Cakes Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Meat Pie Boiled Cabbage Squash Caramel Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea	24 Canned Grapefruit Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Bean Soup Crackers Cheese Prune and Orange Salad Sweet Rolls Tea Cocoa
9 Sliced Bananas Cereal Scones Coffee Conserve Tea	Scrambled Eggs and Tomatoes Canned Peaches Chelsea Buns Tea Cocoa	Cranberry Ham Slice Riced Potatoes Buttered Onions Apple Pie Coffee Tea	25 Tomato Juice Bread and Milk Toasted Rolls Honey Tea	Omelet with Creole Sauce Canned Blueberries Cookies Tea Cocoa
10 Tomato Juice Cereal Brown Toast Honey Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Breaded Oven-cooked Fillets of Haddock Tartare Sauce Mashed Potatoes Asparagus Pineapple Bavarian Cream Coffee Tea	26 (Sunday) Grape and Apple Juice Cereal Grilled Ham Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Mushroom Soup Salmon and Celery Salad Cream Puffs Tea Cocoa
11 Grape Juice Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Sliced Canned Corned Beef Hashed Brown Potatoes Homemade Pickle Apple Sauce Cookies Tea Fruit Fizz	Veal Stew with Vegetable Dumplings Grated Raw Carrot and Onion Salad Johnny Cake Maple Syrup Coffee Tea	27 Apples Cereal Brown Toast Jelly Tea	Macaroni and Cheese Hard Brown Rolls Stewed Figs (cook enough for Tuesday) Tea Cocoa
12 (Sunday) Grapes Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Oyster Stew Croutons Apple, Celery and Nut Salad Layer Cake Tea Cocoa	Mixed Grill (Lamb chops, sausages, kidneys, mushrooms) Scalloped Potatoes Peas Jellied Prunes and Whipped Cream Icebox Cookies Coffee Tea	28 Stewed Figs Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Onion Soup Chopped Bacon with Peanut Butter Sandwich Hot Biscuits Maple Syrup Tea Cocoa
13 Baked Apple Milk Toast Bran Muffins Coffee Jam Tea	Pork and Beans Lettuce Salad Fruit Cake (left-over) Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Mashed Potatoes Buttered Beets Rice Pudding Coffee Tea	29 Grapefruit Juice Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Tea	Kidney Stew with Curry Lettuce Salad Toasted Biscuits Canned Pears Tea Cocoa
14 Cereal with Cream Fresh Coffee Cake Apple Butter Coffee Tea	Grilled Bacon Creamed Potatoes Pickles Canned Cherries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Oxtail Soup Smoked Fish (baked in milk) Baked Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Fruit Trifle Coffee Tea	30 Sliced Bananas Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Rice and Cheese Croquettes Tomato Sauce Baked Apple with Marshmallows Gingerbread (from Wednesday) Tea Cocoa
15 Grapefruit Segments Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Welsh Rarebit Grapes Frosted Loaf Cake Tea Cocoa	Stewed Chicken Dumplings Green Beans Cherry Tapioca Coffee Tea	31 Tomato Juice Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Asparagus Soup Cheese and Celery Salad Canned Berries Cookies Tea Cocoa
16 Tomato Juice Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Chicken Curry with Rice Compote of Apples Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Oven cooked Pork Chops Potatoes au Gratin Brussels Sprouts Indian Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea	SPANISH RICE—Rice cooked in canned tomatoes with onion and butter.	
				CREOLE SAUCE—Tomato sauce with chopped onion, green pepper and, if desired, a few mushrooms.
				PUNCH—Any desired mixture of fruit juices or combination of fruit juices and soft drinks. With or without carbonated beverage to give a zip.

## Left-overs—If any!

*What to do with them after holiday dinners*

HOW TO use them—there's a problem that has to be faced. But don't let it get you down, for often the encores get as big a hand as the first performance. These will.

**TURKEY**—Here are two grand ways to use up the remains.

### Sliced Turkey with Mushroom Tomato Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- Sliced left-over turkey
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter, melted
- 1 Medium onion, chopped
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of green pepper, chopped
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1 Teaspoonful of parsley, chopped
- 1 Cupful of cooked mushrooms, chopped
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Can of condensed tomato soup
- 1 Cupful of water

Place the sliced turkey in a baking dish with the two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and heat it in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for ten minutes. Serve with a mushroom-tomato sauce. To make the sauce: Cook the onion and green pepper in the remaining two tablespoonfuls of butter until tender. Add the parsley and mushrooms and

mix well. Add the flour, stirring until well blended. Combine the soup and the water and add gradually to the other mixture. Cook, stirring constantly until smooth and thickened. Six servings.

### Tomato Biscuit Shortcake

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Cupfuls of flour
- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of salt
- 6 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- 1½ to 1¾ Cupfuls of tomato juice

Creamed left-over turkey  
Sift the measured flour, baking powder and salt together. Cut in the shortening with knives or a pastry blender. Add the tomato juice, mixing only until a soft dough is formed. Turn out on a floured board and knead lightly for one-half minute. Roll to three quarters of an inch in thickness, cut with a small biscuit cutter and place on a floured baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven—400 deg. - 425 deg. Fahr.—for about fifteen minutes. Split, butter and serve hot as individual shortcakes for lunch or supper with a filling and topping of creamed turkey

**SPINACH**—Even a little left-over goes quite a long way.

### Spinach Loaf

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ¾ Cupful of cooked spinach, chopped fine
- ¼ Cupful of celery, minced
- 1 Small onion, minced
- 1 Cupful of bread crumbs, fresh
- ¾ Pound of sausage meat
- 1 Egg
- Salt and pepper.

Combine all the ingredients and mix well. Shape into a loaf and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for forty-five minutes. Remove to a hot platter and serve. Six servings.

**BEETS**—If you've cooked more than you need for your Beets Piquante, try them this way.

### Scalloped Beets

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Cupfuls of sliced cooked beets
- ¾ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¾ Tablespoonful of flour
- ¾ Cupful of thick sour cream
- Buttered soft bread crumbs

Place the beets in a buttered baking dish and sprinkle with the salt. Add the flour to the cream and mix well. Pour this over the beets. Cover with the crumbs and bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for about twenty-five minutes. Six servings.

## Packing a Box for a Soldier?

*This is what they'd like to get*

CHRISTMAS IS over for another year, but there are long months ahead when your boy in camp will be looking for some remembrance from you. Birthdays—or special occasions and anniversaries are all first class excuses for a special parcel!

If you have a little over a dollar to spend you can make a hit with a four-to five-pound, home-cooked roast chicken. Or a two-pound chicken, canned. Or three pounds of spiced ham, canned. Or four pounds of home-cooked stuffed spareribs.

Another dollar or so will add some trimmings. These will weigh about four pounds unwrapped.

1 glass of currant or cranberry jelly—from your own shelves or your grocer's. Screw-top jars are the best for packing, so if the tops are the sit-on kind, seal the edge well, with a good coat of paraffin.

1 jar of pickles.

2 pounds of homemade fruit cake.

For another dollar you can add, three more pounds of popular "eats."

1 tin or jar of sandwich spread.

2 pounds of homemade candy.

2 dozen apples sauce cookies. Or if you know of a better 'ole!

To bring your parcel up to four dollars

and a total weight of twelve to fourteen pounds, how about these?

1 package of graham crackers.

1 package of plain or flavored cheese.

A pound or half pound of date and nut bread—use your favorite recipe or buy it in sealed tins.

1 tin of salted peanuts.

Aw, come on—bring it up to a Five Spot; it will cost you only another dollar and three pounds extra postage to send these to any lad with a sweet tooth. And who hasn't?

1 package of dates or figs or 2 cans of fruit juice.

2 packages of hard candy.

½ pound of maple sugar.

2 dozen homemade shortbreads, or your cookie specialty.

1 package of toffee.

4 chocolate bars.

But food isn't everything. The boys would love any of these—each for a dollar or even less.

Cigarettes, or tobacco and papers for those who roll their own. Pipe cleaners. Shoe shine kits. Tooth paste. Shaving cream. Soap. After-shaving lotion. Talcum powder. Small flashlight. Lightweight books. Note paper and envelopes. Playing cards. Games

(Checkers, Bingo, Crown and Anchor and so on). Dress socks—for the Air Force—in Air Force blue or black. Handkerchiefs.

FOR MORE—here's more:

Pen and pencil set. Zippered kit containing small flashlight, toothbrush, tooth paste, shaving cream, razor. Shirt of the appropriate color. Sweater, with or without regimental crests. Wrist watch.

Money belt.

Scarf or scarf and glove sets.

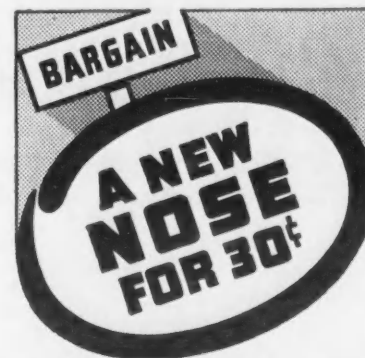
Pigskin or sheepskin gloves—very swanky.

Pocket knife—you can get them with can opener and screw driver fittings.

Cigarette lighter—if he doesn't prefer a match.

One of the new hair brushes, with nail file, scissors and comb tucked in behind a zipper.

Post-office mailing rate cards for Canada may be obtained from the post office. If you're not sure where to send your parcel—address it clearly with the name, the regiment and the regimental number, and send it to the Canadian Base Post Office, Ottawa.



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FREE—OUR BIG 1941 SEED AND NURSERY BOOK BETTER THAN EVER  
**DOMINION SEED HOUSE**  
Georgetown, Ontario





## It's the Berries!

By Helen G. Campbell

Meaning something pretty grand—in this case cranberries, which come to the aid of winter menus, with brilliant color and tart refreshing flavor.

They do a lot for the main course when served as a jelly, a sauce or uncooked relish. Or instead, a mixture of cranberry and apple juice may start off the dinner. Or again in some form or other the berries may top off a meal.

One of the newer wrinkles is to serve them raw, and to my way of thinking they're more delicious than ever that way. Try putting them through the meat chopper, adding their complement of sugar (two cupfuls of cranberries to one cupful of sugar) and let stand a few hours. Then use as a filling and topping for hot biscuit shortcake. Grand—see if it isn't! You'll be content to wait till next June for strawberries.

We've been trying in the Institute some other cranberry novelties. And we're passing them on to you—a perfectly scrumptious cobbler, a delicate icebox cake, and others. Good with meat, over ice cream, or as a simple fruit dessert with fresh hot muffins. There are other nice combinations too; you'll like 'em.

### Cranberry Nut Cobbler

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of sugar
- 1 Cupful of water
- 4 Cupfuls of fresh cranberries (about 1 pound)
- ½ Cupful of chopped walnuts
- Grated rind of one orange
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 2 Cupfuls of flour
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of sugar
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- ¾ Cupful of milk

Heat the sugar and water to the boiling point; add the cranberries, walnuts, orange rind and butter, and let stand while mixing the biscuit dough. Sift the dry ingredients together. Cut in the shortening and add the milk. Mix to a soft dough. Roll out the dough to one-quarter inch thickness. Fill individual baking dishes with the cranberries and cover each with biscuit dough. Bake in a very hot oven—450 deg. Fahr.—for fifteen minutes. Eight servings.

### Cranberry Icebox Cake

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ¾ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Cupful of water
- 2 Cupfuls of cranberries
- 1 Egg white, stiffly beaten
- Sponge cake
- 1 Cupful of whipping cream

Boil the sugar and water together for five minutes. Add the cranberries and cook until tender—about five minutes. Cool thoroughly. Fold the stiffly beaten egg white into the cranberry sauce. Arrange alternate layers of sliced sponge cake and sauce in a cake tin, finishing with a layer of cake. Place a weight on top and chill for six to eight hours. Unmold and garnish with the whipped cream. Six servings.

### Cranberry Ice Cream

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 4 Cupfuls of cranberries
- 1 Cupful of water
- 1½ Cupfuls of granulated sugar
- Grated rind of half lemon
- Grated rind of half orange
- Juice of one orange
- 2 Cupfuls of whipping cream

Cook the cranberries in the water until soft and press them through a sieve. Return the pulp to the heat, add the sugar and the grated rind of the lemon and orange. Cook slowly for about ten minutes. Remove from the heat, add the orange juice and cool. When cooled, place in the refrigerator to chill. Whip the cream only until it will hold its shape and fold it into the chilled cranberry mixture. Pour into the freezing tray of the mechanical refrigerator and freeze. Twelve to fourteen servings.

### Cranberry Tapioca

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ¾ Cupful of quick-cooking tapioca
- 1½ Cupfuls of boiling water
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of orange juice
- 1 Teaspoonful of grated orange rind
- 1 Cupful of cranberries
- ½ Cupful of sugar
- ½ Cupful of water
- 1 Cupful of whipping cream

Cook the tapioca in salted water in the top part of a double boiler for fifteen minutes, stirring occasionally. Cool and add the orange juice and rind and the cranberry sauce. To make the sauce, boil the sugar and water for five minutes, add the cranberries and boil without

stirring until the skins pop open—five minutes. Remove from the heat and cool before adding to the tapioca mixture. Finally, fold in the whipped cream. Pour into glasses and chill. Serve with or without cream. Six servings.

### Beef Tongue Virginia Style

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Beef tongue
- 1 Cupful of water in which tongue was cooked
- 1 Cupful of brown sugar
- 1 Cupful of cooked cranberries
- 1 Tablespoonful of whole cloves
- Juice of half a lemon
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 3 Teaspoonfuls of cornstarch

Scrub the tongue thoroughly and cook slowly until it is tender. Remove the skin and trim the root end. To the cupful of water add the remaining ingredients. Mix thoroughly, add the tongue and cook slowly for twenty minutes. Remove the tongue and thicken the sauce slightly with the three teaspoonfuls of cornstarch mixed to a paste with cold water. Pour the hot sauce over the tongue and serve.

### Cranberry Cookies

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ½ Cupful of shortening
- ½ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Egg, well beaten
- 2 Cupfuls of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of vanilla
- 1 Cupful of cranberry sauce, well drained

Cream the shortening and sugar together until well blended, add the egg, dry ingredients and vanilla and mix thoroughly. Chill the dough. Roll out very thin, and shape with a round cutter. Place one teaspoonful of the drained cranberry sauce on half of the rounds, top with the remaining rounds with the centres removed. Bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for ten to fifteen minutes. Makes about two dozen.

To make the cranberry sauce: Boil one and a half cupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of water together for five minutes. Add four cupfuls of cranberries and boil without stirring until the skins pop open. Remove the sauce from the heat and allow to cool.



Air Force boys enjoy the meal prepared by girls from Weston Collegiate.

## Young Canada Cooks

THE R.C.A.F. boys were lucky that day at the Canadian National Exhibition, when home economics students from Ontario secondary schools took part in the competition—"Luncheon is Served."

Under the guidance of their teachers the girls planned their own menus, made out their own market orders and settled their own schedule of work. Then before the crowd and the judges, they went to it—three girls to a team, seven teams at a time. They set the table, prepared the meal and served it to their appreciative guests. You would have been proud of the poise, enthusiasm and skill of these young Canadian cooks, and it would have done your heart good to see the broad smiles of the fliers.

The competition—first of its kind—was arranged by Mrs. Aitken, director of women's activities, and girls from twenty-eight schools throughout the province took part. They were judged on the balance and flavor harmony of their menu, their market order, their procedure—economy of fuel, time and effort, their neatness, deftness and quietness, the appearance and flavor of the dishes, and the artistic setup of food and table.

First prize winner was the team from the Ottawa High School of Commerce. Western Technical School, Toronto, was a close second, and Port Colborne High School came third.

Here is the menu planned by the Western "Tech" team:



Ida Hinds, teacher of the Western Technical trio, which won second prize.

Melon Balls in Ginger Ale  
Scalloped Fish  
Buttered Carrots  
Peach Shortcake  
Tea  
Total cost of the meal, for four people .....\$1.08

And here is what the girls from the Weston Collegiate and Vocational School gave them:

Apple Juice  
Baked Fish  
Scalloped Cauliflower  
Tomato Slices  
Bread and Butter  
Blueberry Pudding  
Brown Sugar Sauce  
Total cost, for four people, \$1.09.



Size 38

The original model was made of Monarch Dove.

## For the Outdoor Man

**BODY AND** arms of garment worked in stocking stitch. Cuffs in ribbing. The neck and front bands are worked separately in ribbing. Pockets are made separately and sewn on. A popular type cardigan welcomed by all men.

Measurements of Finished Garment when Blocked: All around at underarm, 38 inches. Length from centre back to bottom, 25 inches. Length of sleeve at underarm seam, 20 inches.

### Materials

12 1-oz. balls of 4-ply wool in blue

1 pair No. 12 needles

1 pair No. 13 needles

Tension of Stitch—8 sts. = 1 inch. 10 rows = 1 inch.

**BACK**—Starting at bottom, with No. 12 needles, cast on 146 sts. and work 8 rows in stocking stitch (knit 1 row, purl 1 row). Knit the next 2 rows (to form a ridge for turning of hem); continue in stocking stitch until back measures 16 inches from turning ridge of hem, ending on wrong side. Cast off 3 sts. at beginning of each of the next 2 rows, then cast off 2 sts. at beginning of each of the following 2 rows. Decrease 1 st. at both ends every other row, 3 times (8 sts., in all, taken off at each armhole). Work even for 7 inches (70 rows), ending on wrong side. Cast off 10 sts. at beginning of each of the next 8 rows, for shoulders; cast off remaining 50 sts. for back of neck.

**RIGHT FRONT**—Cast on 76 sts. and work 8 rows in stocking stitch, then knit the next 2 rows (turning ridge of hem). Work even in stocking stitch until front is as long as back at underarm (count rows), ending with a knit row. Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of next row, purl to end of row (front edge). Next row begin to decrease for neck slope; K1, K2tog, knit to arm-

hole. Cast off 2 sts. at armhole every other row, 3 times, and at the same time decrease 1 st. at front edge every 4th row (62 sts. remaining).

From now on, work even at armhole and decrease 1 st. at neck every 4th row, until there are 15 decreases at neck edge, then decrease every other row, 9 times (40 sts. remaining). Work 2 rows even after the last decrease, ending at armhole. Cast off 10 sts. from armhole side every other row, 4 times, and fasten off.

**LEFT FRONT**—Work left front to correspond to right, cast off for armhole at beginning of the knit rows and decreasing at neck at end of the knit rows.

**SLEEVES**—Starting at cuff, cast on 76 sts. and work in ribbing of K1, P1, for 4 inches. Knit 1 row, increasing in every 6th st. (88 sts. on needle).

From now on, work in stocking stitch, increasing 1 st. at both ends every 8th row until there are 10 increases at each side (108 sts.), then increase every 10th row, 5 times (118 sts. on needle).

Work even until sleeve measures 20 inches from beginning (or work to any desired length at underarm), ending on wrong side. Cast off 6 sts. at beginning of each of the next 2 rows, then cast off 3 sts. at beginning of each of the next 4 rows, cast off 2 sts. at beginning of every row until 38 sts. remain on needle; cast off 5 sts. at beginning of each of the next 2 rows, then cast off remaining 28 sts.

Work second sleeve the same as first.

**FRONT AND NECK BAND**—Cast on 18 sts. on No. 13 needles. Work in ribbing of K1, P1, for 14 rows.

Next Row—Make a buttonhole as follows: ribbing on the first 6 sts., cast off the next 6 sts., ribbing to end of row; the following row work in ribbing to buttonhole, cast on 6 sts., ribbing to end of row, again having 18 sts. on

needle. Work even in ribbing for 3½ inches then make the 2nd buttonhole, same as first. Make 3 more buttonholes, 3½ inches apart (always count an equal number of rows before casting off).

Continue even in ribbing until band, when slightly stretched, is long enough for front edges and around neck; do not cast off until band has been basted to cardigan, to make sure of the right length.

**TO FINISH**—Sew fronts and back together at sides and shoulders. Turn hem at turning ridge, and hem on wrong side, taking care that the sts. do not draw. Baste band to front edge, beginning at lower end of left front at buttonhole end of band and continuing up front, around neck, and down right front edge; stretch band slightly when basting, especially around neck; try garment on before sewing, to make sure the band fits

nicely; cast off at lower end and sew on band neatly.

Overhand the buttonholes and sew the buttons on 3rd ridge from seam.

Sew sleeves together; baste them into armholes with sleeve seam 1 inch to the front of underarm seam, sew seams.

**POCKETS**—Cast on 40 sts. on No. 12 needles and work 46 rows in stocking stitch, ending with a purl row.

Change to No. 13 needles and work 7 rows in stocking stitch, ending with a knit row, knit also the next row (turning ridge for hem); knit 1 row, purl 1 row, alternately, until there are 8 rows from turning ridge and then cast off on right side. Turn down hem at ridge and hem on wrong side. Make 2 pockets.

Baste pockets 4 inches from front band, with lower edge of pocket to top row of hem; sew on neatly in straight line.



The original model was knit from Monarch Starlite.

## Boudoir Chic

Measurements of Finished Garment When Pressed—All around at underarm, 39 inches. From shoulder to lower edge, 20 inches. Length of sleeve at underarm seam, 18 inches.

Tension of Stitch—8 sts. = 1 inch. 8 rows = 1 inch.

### Materials

9 one-ounce balls of a fine rayon and wool yarn in pink

1 pair No. 10 needles.

1 medium crochet hook.

**BACK**—Starting at lower edge, cast on 138 sts.

1st Row—Purl.

2nd Row—K1; \* P3tog, K3 sts. in next st. (by knitting 1 st. in front of stitch, 1 st. in back of stitch, 1 st. in front of stitch), repeat from \*, ending K1.

3rd Row—Purl.

4th Row—K1, \* K3 sts. in next st., P3tog, repeat from \*, ending K1.

Repeat these 4 rows until work

measures 12 inches from beginning (96 rows).

Shape Armholes by casting off 16 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows (106 sts. on needle).

Continue evenly in pattern until work measures 7 inches from the cast off sts. (56 rows).

Shape Shoulders by casting off 12 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 4 rows. Cast off 10 sts. at the beginning of each of the next 2 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

**LEFT FRONT**—Starting at lower edge, cast on 86 sts. Work in pattern until work measures 12 inches from beginning (96 rows).

Next Row—Cast off 16 sts., purl to end. (70 sts. on needle). Continue in pattern for 48 rows.

Shape Neck, cast off 20 sts., pattern to end of row.

Next Row—Purl.

Next Row—Cast off 4 sts., pattern to end.

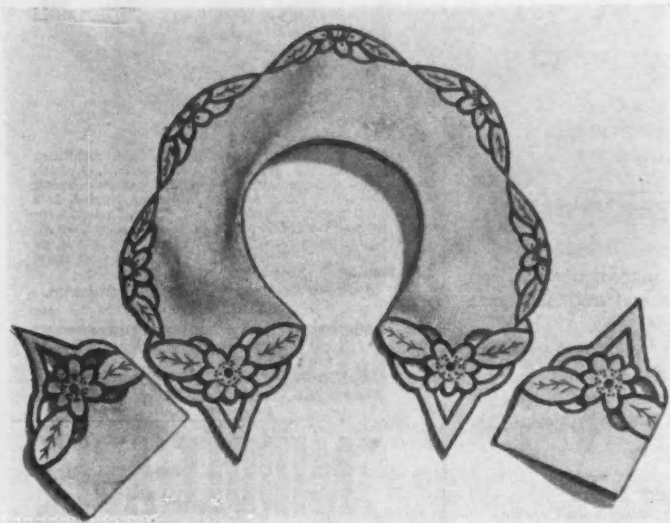
Repeat the last 2 rows 3 times (34 sts. on needle). **Continued on page 49**



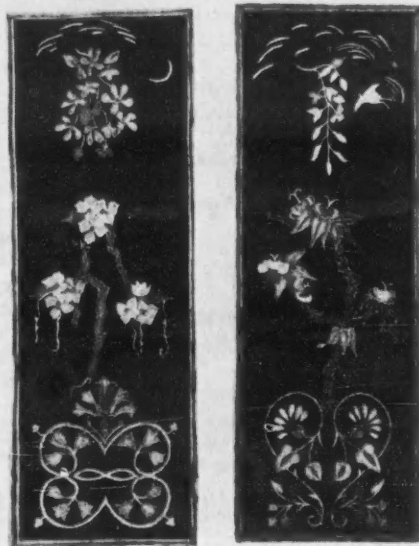
# By Special Request

Favorites from previous issues . . . and a new Red Cross knitting bag that will be welcomed by women war-workers.

by  
Marie Le Cerf



C527—Cutwork collar and cuffs. Stamped on white, cream, blue, dusty-pink, green or yellow linen, 60 cents; cotton in color desired, 14 cents.



C710—Persian panels in exotic design. Stamped on black or midnight blue taffeta (please state preference), size about 7 x 19, finished, with backing and cottons for working, \$1.00 per pair.



C514—The King's Galleon wall hanging. To be worked in marine blue and rust. Stamped on heavy cream linen, 20 x 23 inches, with cottons, backing and rod, \$1.75.



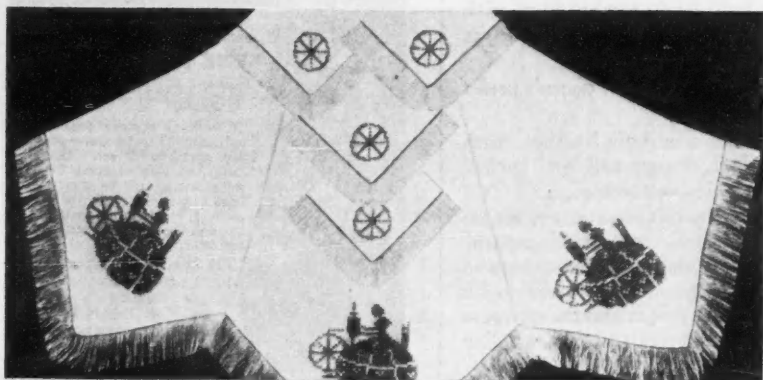
C649—Pillowcases and towels in artistic design—the pillowcases of finest, linen-finished, circular cotton, 36 x 40 inches, the towels of finest white linen huckaback, 18 x 30 inches, \$1.25 for either pair; cottons in pastel colors, 20 cents.



C272—"Scottie"—the most popular of all our bridge cloths. In black cross-stitch to be worked on fine red art felt. With black binding, elastic for corners and cotton for working, \$1.00. Latest bridge score pad, with cover to match cloth and cotton for working, 25 cents.



C656—A "Forest Fantasy." A charming and most unusual needlework picture or wall hanging. All in cross stitch—in shades of brown and green. Size 21 x 32 inches, stamped on fine cream sampler linen, it is priced at \$1.25; with backing and rings for hanging, \$1.50, cottons, 30 cents.

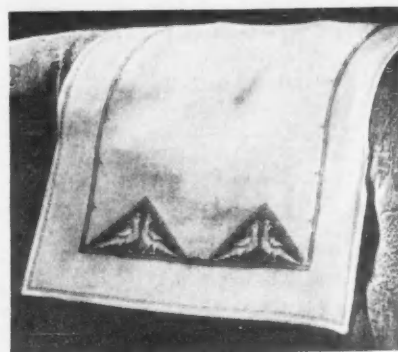


C282—The Old Spinning Wheel, in black cross-stitch. A single hemstitching or a double row of machine stitching is required before fringing. Stamped on fine white or cream Irish linen, the 36-inch set, \$2.00, or the 45-inch set, \$2.50. Cotton for either set, 20 cents.

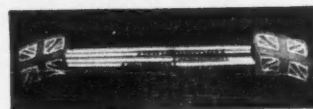
These are Chatelaine patterns, Handicraft Series. Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. If sending cheque add fifteen cents for bank exchange. Full directions for working are sent.



C776—"There'll Always be an England." Everyone wants one of these—a typical English country scene, to be worked in natural colors. Size 12 x 14 inches, stamped on fine cream linen, 50 cents; cottons, 20 cents.



C667—Chair back and arm rests in the new cross-stitch relief work—the background being filled in; the birds standing out in the plain linen. A large set, stamped on heavy cream linen, 75 cents; cottons (please state color), 14 cents.



C806—Knitting needle protectors. Particularly appropriate with this bag are these lovely little flags—very quickly worked. Stamped on red felt, with elastic and cottons for working, 15 cents per pair.



C805—Red Cross bag. When visiting New York recently, our Editor was so charmed with this bag that she brought it back for us to pass along to you. The large red cross makes a stunning contrast on white or navy art felt (please state preference), with lining in red to match—complete materials \$1.00, or in black feltex, 75 cents.

*Boudoir Chic :: Continued from page 47*

Shape Shoulder:

Next Row—Cast off 12 sts., purl to end.

Next Row—Pattern.

Repeat last 2 rows once. Cast off remaining 10 sts.

RIGHT FRONT—Work to correspond with left front, working shapings at opposite ends of needle.

SLEEVES—Starting at cuff, cast on 74 sts.

Work in pattern for 16 rows, 2 inches (cuff).

Continue in pattern, increasing 1 st.

each end of needle every 8th row until there are 110 sts. on needle.

Continue evenly until sleeve measures 20 inches from beginning (cuff included). Cast off.

TO FINISH—Sew all seams neatly.

Starting at cuff sew up sleeve for 18 inches, leaving the remaining 2 inches for underarm seam (cast off sts. from back and front).

BEADING—With right side of work toward you, join at top of right front (neck edge), work 1 row s.c. around neck. Fasten off.

Join at right front (neck edge), 1 d.c. up first st., ch. 2, wool over hook, draw in a loop in same st. as d.c., wool over, draw through 2 loops, \* wool over, miss 2 s.c., wool over, draw up a loop in next s.c., wool over, draw through 2 loops, wool over, draw through remaining 3 loops on hook, repeat from \*, ending 1 d.c. in last st.

EDGING—1 s.c. in first st. on left front, \* ch. 4, 1 s.c. in 4th chain from hook (picot), miss 1 row on front edge, 1 s.c. in next row, ch. 1, miss 1 row, 1 s.c. in next row, repeat from \* to corner, 1 picot in corner st., \*\* miss 1 st. on lower edge, 1 s.c. in next st., ch. 1, miss 1 stitch, 1 s.c. in next st., 1 picot, repeat

from \*\* to corner. 1 picot in corner st., repeat from \* up right front to corner, 2 s.c. under first d.c. on neck edge, † 1 picot, 2 s.c. under next 2 ch., 1 s.c. in top of next d.c., repeat from † to corner. Fasten off. Work edging around cuffs.

CORD (Neck)—Cut 6 strands of wool 2 yards long, twist the 6 strands together, double and let cord retwist.

CORD (Waist)—Cut 6 strands  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards long, make cord in same manner as neck. Thread through waist as illustrated.

CORD (Wrist)—Cut 4 strands 1 yard long. Make cord, thread through top of cuff. ■

*A Star for Susan :: Continued from page 16*

to him for a good long time. No girl had ever treated him as this one did, as if he were the dirt under her feet. She wouldn't even have consented to see him except for her mother. Mrs. Van Wyck was as solid for him as ever.

It must have been ten days or more after Susan had gone that they finally told him she had run away.

They were in the library when he dropped in one day after lunch. Mrs. Van Wyck looked more haggard than usual, and was obviously on the ragged edge of her nerves about something. Daphne sat quiet in her chair. She did not speak to him, although Mrs. Van Wyck greeted him effusively; Daphne just rested her eyes on him for a minute and then looked away.

He said boldly, "This looks like a conference of war. Is anything wrong, Mrs. Van Wyck? Maybe I can help."

He startled them both. Mrs. Van Wyck drew a quick deep breath, and one hand fluttered up to her thin breast. She muttered something, evasive words, putting him off. But he was tired of the situation.

"Look," he said. He sat down in a big armchair and crossed his knees. "Look. I know you two have something on your minds. I've been watching it pile up for a long time. It's about Susan. I think you'd better let me in on it. What's she done—eloped with somebody you don't approve of?"

"We don't know," Mrs. Van Wyck said in a whisper.

"You mean she's disappeared?"

"She . . . yes."

"She hasn't disappeared," Daphne contradicted. "Nothing so mysterious. She just went away, to some place where she wanted to go, and she's there. She didn't tell us where she was going or when she is coming back. There. Now you know. There's nothing to worry about. Susan looks little and soft and dumb, but she's about as soft as iron and as dumb as a little red fox. She's always thinking and planning underneath that smooth little face of hers. Now you know, Mr. Gorman. There's nothing in this, except that we find it a bit trying, waiting on Susan's whims."

"Whatever it is, I think it's time you knew where she was. How'd she go, take her car? Why haven't you been to the police, to have her traced? They could find the car, sooner or later. Have you done that?"

"Mr. Gorman, surely you see that the police are out of the question."

"No, I don't. The girl's got to be found, hasn't she?"

"But not by the police . . . never the police. The publicity . . ."

"You're just sticking your head in the sand," he told her brutally. "Maybe the girl's been kidnapped. Anything might've happened to her. It doesn't make sense, a girl just walks away from home for no reason and they don't hear from her any more. It doesn't make sense." He looked at them narrowly.

There was silence for a moment, and then Daphne said, "She had plenty of reason to go. We thought we were going to put something over on her and she just slipped out from under. That's the situation, Mr. Gorman, since you are determined to know. We were—"

"Daphne!" her mother cried.

Bill Gorman got up and went across to the window. He understood, but he wasn't shocked; it wasn't as if he hadn't already known that they were trying to sell him the girl. He still didn't know why, but that would come out. No matter what the money complications were, and it looked as if they were pretty funny, it would still be a good family for a man who didn't need to think about money. If he could decide which girl he wanted. The little one, Susan, she was better stuff all the way through, and at first he hadn't been able to see Daphne at all, remembering Susan. But he was seeing her now, thinking about her, and there was plenty to keep his mind busy. She wasn't much good. There wasn't an honest bone in her body. She was bored and disillusioned and bitter. But she was strong. You couldn't get around that. She was strong, not one of the soft easy ones, grinning and smirking around a man. Maybe if you could take her with your two hands and tighten them into that flesh until they found bone—beat her, swear at her, break her, tame her—maybe you'd have something.

He said flatly: "I'll find her for you."

Tears came into Mrs. Van Wyck's eyes. She looked old and tired.

Daphne said, "You may as well save yourself the trouble. There's no point in finding her. She knows what she's doing. She'll come back when she's ready."

He looked at her directly and then away to her mother. He asked, "What about Westover?"

"Derry?"

"Does he know where she is, do you think?"

"Oh, he isn't in this, Mr. Gorman. Surely he isn't in this!"

"You don't want him to be, apparently," he said dryly. "But are you sure he isn't? Have you seen him since she left?"

"No."

"He's in town," Daphne said evenly. "He's not with her."

"You don't know. She might be in town too. She might be married to him."

"That is ridiculous."

"Not so ridiculous. I hear the gossip," he said, brutal again. "Everybody knows he wants to marry her."

Daphne paled as if someone had frozen her.

"And you don't know what she's doing. Suppose she's bored, lonely, unhappy. Suppose he finds her. Suppose he comes just at the right minute; he's attractive, she knows him, likes him. He pops up when something's happened and she's come to a jumping-off place. Apparently she's impulsive and headstrong, or she wouldn't have gone like this. Look ahead. Can't you see what could happen?" He got up. "You should have told me about this long ago," he said. "Maybe it'll take a while now to trace her, take a few days, anyway."

When he had gone, the room was quiet for a long time.

"Daphne," her mother said imploringly.

Daphne looked at her.

"Daphne, darling, can't you put Derry right out of your mind? He isn't worth it. If you were to marry him you would be bitterly unhappy. He shall not marry Susan, we must be sure of that, but he would make you bitterly unhappy."

"I don't want to marry him," Daphne said. "I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man in the world. All I want to do is to get him out of my blood." Then, "Think of him, married to Susan! Laughing at me, having power over me . . . married to Susan, I couldn't bear it. I don't know what I'd do, but I couldn't bear it."

Her mother got up and put a hand on her shoulder. She said, "Haven't you thought of the way out yet, Daphne?" And, when Daphne would not turn, "Haven't you thought of Bill Gorman?"

Daphne said levelly, "I'd rather marry one of his cow-hands."

JEAN SAT at the end of the kitchen table with Sir Harry's note of acceptance in his hand. It had come in the early afternoon mail, but Jean still did not believe that it was here, nor that, even if it was here, it could possibly mean what it said. He had got through the afternoon work and the dinner hour in a daze, a glow of rapture, with his mild blue eyes shining and his round face beaming.

He said again, for the hundredth time, "It is a miracle, Susan. It is a true miracle. If I had gone to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, and prayed, no greater miracle would have come."

"It really isn't a miracle at all," Susan explained. "It's just plain straightforwardness, Jean. By chance we happen to know that Sir Harry thinks there is no dish in the world as good as jellied boneless turkey, and by chance I have the recipe for it. And by chance he is coming this way anyway, and there you are."

Jean put his head on one side and looked at her. A question hovered on his lips, but he was restraining it heroically. He and Minna were really remarkable. They had never asked Susan anything about herself; she was Susan, she had come to them; what she wished to tell them was of great interest to them, but they would ask nothing more. They must have some explanation of her in their minds, however, and Susan would have given a good deal to know what it was. It could be kindly, generous and untangled, of that she was sure. Some day she would probably know what they had imagined about her . . . some day not too far away, unhappily. When she had to leave them, when she had to tell them who she was.

Maybe she would never tell them. Maybe she would just go away, and sometimes come back for a visit . . .

## Descriptions of Patterns on pages 30 and 31

No. 3571—Sizes 2, 3, 4, 6. Size 4 requires, in left-hand view, Blouse,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 35-inch fabric;  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 54-inch fabric. Collar and Pocket Flaps:  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 35-inch or 39-inch fabric. Shorts:  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 35-inch fabric;  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 54-inch fabric. In right-hand view, Blouse, 1 yard of 35-inch fabric;  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 54-inch fabric. Shorts and Blouse Trim:  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 35-inch fabric;  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 54-inch fabric. Both views, Facings and Pockets for Shorts:  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 35-inch lining fabric. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3585—Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 12 requires,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35-inch fabric; 3 yards of 39-inch fabric;  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch fabric. Braid:  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of  $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch width. Lacings: Two, each 23 inches long. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3566—Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 12 requires, in left-hand view,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35-inch fabric;  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39-inch fabric;  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch fabric;  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 34-inch plaid. Bow:  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch width ribbon. In right-hand view,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 35-inch fabric; 3 yards of 39-inch fabric. Collar:  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard

of 35-inch, 39-inch, or 44-inch fabric. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3564—Sizes 2, 3, 4, 6. Size 4 requires, in left-hand view,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35-inch fabric;  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch fabric;  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch fabric. Contrast:  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 35-inch or 39-inch fabric. In right-hand view, Skirt and Blouse Trim,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 35-inch or 39-inch fabric;  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 54-inch fabric. Blouse:  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 35-inch or 39-inch fabric;  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 54-inch fabric. Price, 15 cents.

No. 3608—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39-inch fabric;  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3609—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20. Size 16 requires,  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39-inch fabric;  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3616—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 requires,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch fabric;  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.

No. 3619—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch fabric;  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch fabric. Price, 25 cents.



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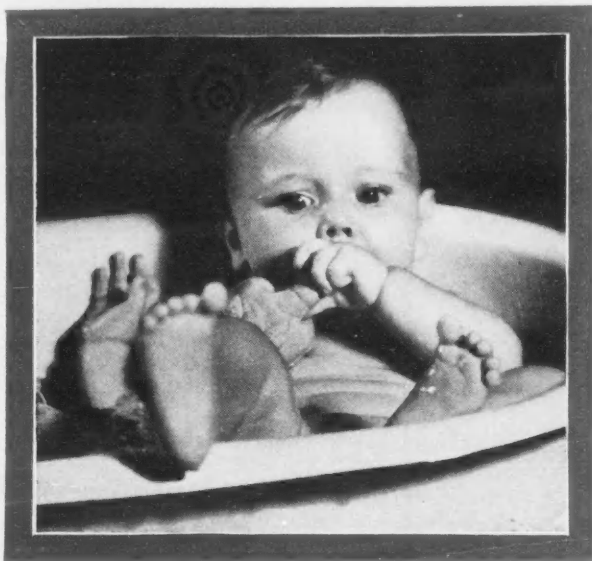
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By J. W. S. McCullough, M.D.



## Skin Troubles

THERE ARE a couple of skin troubles which frequently occur among small babies, and which are easily cared for. No properly tended baby should have either one.

**Milk Crust** is common, especially in the infants of poor families. There is a yellow or yellowish-green crust in large thick flakes on the top of the skull, near the larger opening. Its real cause is the lack of soap and water, application of olive oil and vaseline and the disinclination of the mother to apply friction over the opening for fear perhaps, that she may injure the underlying brain. The mother avoids using soap and water; instead she persists in the application of olive oil and vaseline and because she is afraid of doing injury to the fontanelle, she fails to remove the greasy mass. The treatment is simple; use soap and water and a little energy. Another plan is to use an ointment containing one part of formalin in sixty of vaseline, followed by the use of soap and water.

Simple dandruff is often confused with milk crust and is often combined with it. The scruff is composed of small white scales and spreads all over the scalp, even to the eyebrows. The skin becomes inflamed and often there are scratch marks. If the case appears to be one of dandruff, a very satisfactory treatment is the use of a weak sulphur and salicylic ointment, say one per cent. Soap and water is inadvisable in these cases.

**Napkin Rash** is another commonly misunderstood skin condition of infancy, which old grannies and incompetent nurses ascribe to teething. Many of these cases have an odor of ammonia. This smell comes from the soiled napkin, and not from the urine if the latter is passed into a vessel. The important features to be observed are: (1) the ammonia smell; (2) the age—this condition rarely occurs under three months, and may continue until the child has learned cleanly habits; (3) both the odor and the rash are worse in the mornings; (4) the affection is commoner among the poorer classes; (5) it is found more often in winter; (6) any abrasion, ulcer or rash in the

napkin area sustains and perpetuates the condition.

Napkin rash is an inflammation. It is due, say some writers, to the splitting up of the urea in the urine by a germ coming from the bowel movement, thereby setting free ammonia. Others say that the ammonia comes from a condition of acidosis which gives rise to an excess of ammonia salts in the urine, and that it is cured by giving the infant alkalis. In cases which appear to be due to the first cause, it is recommended that the napkins be soaked in one in 4,000 bichloride of mercury. Ordinarily the ammonia odor and rash disappear after the infant takes quarter to half a teaspoonful of soda bicarbonate three times a day for a week, and at the same time the napkins, after careful washing, are wrung out of a saturated solution of boracic acid, and considerable of the boracic is left in the napkin. Napkins should be changed immediately after they become wet, and waterproof knickers, unless worn at night, do no harm if the napkins are promptly changed.

If, as rarely happens, the napkin rash becomes sore, spraying the buttocks with a solution of two teaspoonfuls of tannic acid to a glassful of warm water will soon harden the skin and cure the inflammation.

**Question**—I read the other day that there is a remedy which will dissolve kidney stones. Do you know of it? Is it any good?—Mrs. J. F. W., White Rock, B.C.

**Answer**—A drug known as sodium hexametaphosphate is under experiment for the purpose of dissolving calcium stones such as occur in the kidney. In order to accomplish this the drug must be present in the urine at the concentration of five per cent, but at this concentration there is severe pain and difficulty in passing urine. Under no circumstances should the drug be used by a sufferer from kidney stones until further study has been carried out.

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ing the Hathaway House, so soon to be hers, "I don't think it will be worth it." She couldn't have meant anything except that she didn't intend to live there long. And if that were true, it meant that she did not intend to live in Cedarvale, either, didn't it? And if that were true, it meant she wouldn't be willing for Jim to build his hospital . . . oh, you could piece bits of evidence together, you didn't have to be any lawyer . . .

Without thinking, Susan said, "Jim, had you just decided to buy it? Did anybody know that you had decided to buy it, that your plans were all laid?"

He looked down at her abruptly. They were standing in the shelter of a big oak on the very crest of the hill. After a minute he said slowly, "Perhaps I did." Then he said oddly, "I hope that isn't it. I wouldn't want anybody to have any strings on it." He reached down and took her hand. "You've got a very quick mind," he said. "Come on, I guess we'd better go and look for another piece of land." And led her to the car, walking hand in hand with her, absently, as if she were a child.

AFTERWARD, remembering the rest of her evening with Jim, Susan was more and more confused and unhappy. Not for herself, of course, because this problem was not hers, it had nothing to do with her; but for Jim himself, and for his mother. They were such good people, fine and honorable and unselfish, and she had come to appreciate them both so much. She understood Jim a little better now that she had heard him talk about his hospital; it meant so much to him; it had been the thing he cared most about and had lived for most of his life. And Marian Parsons was going to ruin that, too.

Marian Parsons was going to ruin Jim's life in every way, but what could anybody do about it, except Jim himself?

It had been just at the end of the evening that Susan had come upon Marian Parsons again. It seemed as if she, Susan, was intended to learn so much about the girl, to learn everything about her. Why couldn't it be Jim who stumbled on things, who found things out about Marian? Why couldn't Jim have seen what Marian was sure to be, watching her father all these years, listening to him? Anybody would think Jim was a fool, letting so much slip by him.

Although, Susan thought suddenly, maybe Jim was just too fair-minded. He'd never happened to see any of the evidence against Marian, and he would not take any other. He didn't have any Daphne to measure her by; he didn't see the effect she had had on her little sister, poor little Dorothy; he didn't know or dream that she loved that horrible man, Brownie. Ben Brown.

The last place Jim had driven to, looking for hospital sites, had been down along the river near the old stone quarry.

They had left the car up on the good road and walked down the narrow woodland track in the dusk. Jim had taken her hand again, absently, still as if she were a child and needed somebody to help her over the rough places. His own hand was strong and warm, and Susan left her own within it because she didn't know how to pull away without seeming self-conscious. They walked along in silence, with the darkness sifting through the trees all around them and the birds finishing off the day with little hoarse

twitterings. They came to the edge of the old quarry on the river bank and stood there, the river murmuring and muttering below the shallow cliff.

"It's going to be dark in ten minutes," Jim said. "I want to get some idea how big this plateau is, Susan. Wait for me here, will you, while I pace it off to the north?"

He went off with his long strides, through the underbrush along the edge of the cliff. Susan did not quite obey him, because she did not like the old quarry; it was empty and eerie in the ghostly twilight, there was no bottom to it. She moved back from it and along the river cliff the other way, perhaps for twenty yards. A boulder made her turn away from the cliff there, and she found herself at the edge of a little ravine cutting down through the trees. She moved absently along its edge, up the hill, keeping one eye over toward the quarry for Jim's tall figure; and came to a big maple and leaned against it, watching for Jim, listening to the rustlings of the leaves and the singing of the river.

There was another sound, now and then, which broke in upon that quiet duet, and at first Susan did not pay much attention to it. Then she was sure she caught the murmur of a human voice, and listened, startled. She heard it again, and it was behind her in the ravine; and she turned and looked down, and held her breath; so that quite distinctly she heard a woman say, "I can't let you go. Oh, I can't let you go."

And at the same moment a light flicked on not more than ten feet below her maple tree, and a man held it to the cigarette at his lips, so that she saw his face. He was lying, propped on one elbow, on the ravine slope there, and there was a girl beside him. She lay with an arm over her eyes, with something about her hopeless and full of misery. While the light was on she took her arm away, and stared at the man, as if she wanted to take every opportunity to fill her mind with him.

The picture cut itself into Susan's brain.

The light went out; the cigarette end glowed faintly in the darkness. The sounds of the night wove themselves again into a cover for those two voices. Susan pulled her thoughts together into coherence again, and moved from the tree toward the old quarry; and Jim was coming toward her.

She ran those last few yards, and met him at the beginning of the road again.

"There you are," he said comfortably. "I thought maybe you'd dissolved, you're such a quiet little thing."

"How—how is it?" Susan asked breathlessly. "Big enough? Do you think it's big enough?"

"It's not bad. I'll have a look down the other way, too."

"I've—I've been the other way," she told him. "It only goes about twenty yards and then there's a ravine. That's all there is to see, and it's really getting awfully dark. Do you mind if we go home now? I've just remembered something I have to do for Minna, I didn't intend to be away nearly so long."

"Sure, we'll go home," he agreed. But there was a little touch of surprise in his voice, of conjecture, so that Susan was not really surprised when he said casually, "The woods at night make a person nervous, don't they?"

Susan did not answer. To herself she was saying levelly, "I should like to kick him, I should dearly like to kick him."

■ To be Continued



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and things would always be the same between them. Well, it wasn't likely that she could do that, because there would be the newspapers. There would be a big fuss in the papers on her birthday, when the news of her father's will got out, and they already had plenty of pictures of her, not of her alone, but of herself taken with her mother and Daphne.

If the newspapers would just stay out of this until she was gone from Cedarvale, that was about as much as she could hope for. They probably would. Her mother obviously wasn't making any stir about her being away, being as little desirous of publicity as Susan was herself. A reporter could pick up quite a story around here just now, Susan decided, and found herself thinking about it.

A reporter, any reporter, would get Jim into it. That would be dreadful.

Jean said quickly, "Something is troubling you?"

"Oh," Susan replied, "no. Nothing. I'm probably a little tired—with all the decorating. I think I'll slip out for a little walk."

Once outside the gate, she set off briskly, crossing the highway and walking along the country road. She didn't feel very happy, somehow, in spite of the fact that all Jean and Minna's troubles would be over so shortly . . . all their dreams come true. Surely she could feel elated about that, surely it was enough to have accomplished in so short a time? But, actually, she had not accomplished it herself. The place with its engaging name was Jean's and Minna's; the food, the cooking would be Jean's; the idea of asking Sir Harry was Jim's; and her only contribution, really, came out of her previous opportunities as Susan Van Wyck. She herself, just a girl, was changing nothing. She was contributing nothing except by chance. It was not as if she had taken hold of a situation, and by her strength and her own power and abilities had bettered it.

A car slid up behind her, and Susan stepped aside automatically, into the grass, to let it go past. But it stopped. It was Jim Hathaway's car. He got out and stood beside her, very tall. He looked young tonight, in a shirt open at the throat and an old linen jacket over it. He said, "Where you going?"

"For a walk. Just for a walk."

"Will you go for a ride instead?"

Susan's mouth went down at one corner. "Am I being commandeered again?"

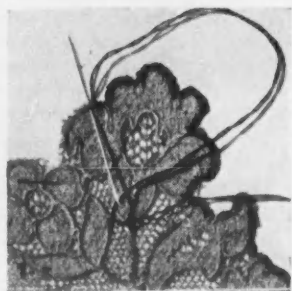
He grinned. "Not for any dastardly purpose. There are no Bert Hesseys in the offing. There's nothing in the offing, except that I'm going around here and there to look at some land, and you're the kind of girl who might like to go around looking at land, heaven knows why. Or are you?"

"I like land," Susan agreed.

"Well, come on then," he said comfortably, and helped her in.

She shouldn't go, she knew she shouldn't go, because in another week or a little more he was going to marry another girl, and probably any number of people would see him and Susan together tonight, and the people would talk. But obviously he had a completely innocent mind, and a girl couldn't stand and say to a man, "No, I won't go with you because you're being married in a little while." That would sound either coquettish or reproving, and Jim Hathaway merited neither attitude.

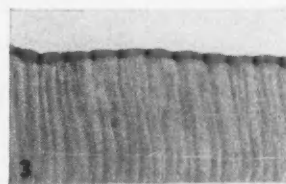
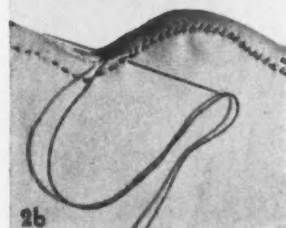
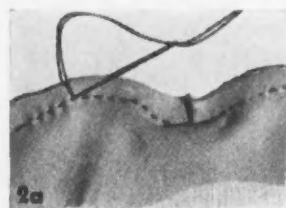
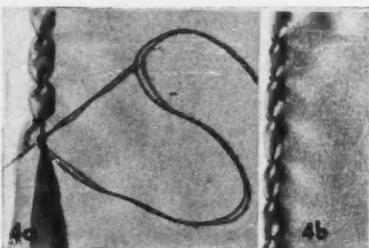
## Seams, Tucks and Edges



1. To put on a wide lace border, tack the lace firmly in position, then neatly outline it in satin stitch, following the pattern. When finished, cut away the surplus fabric behind as closely as possible to the stitching. A pair of curved nail scissors makes this easier.

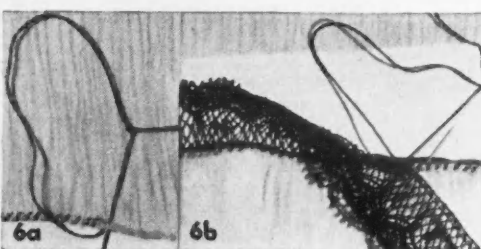
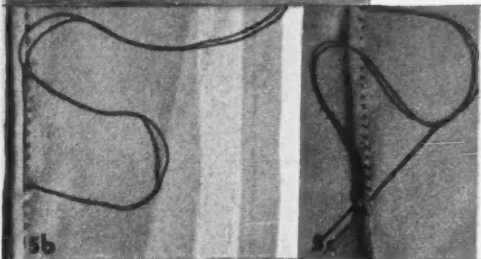
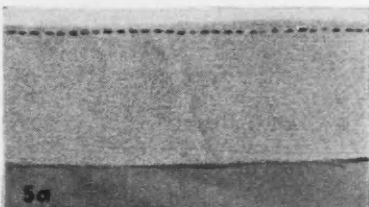
2. To bind a scalloped edge, cut bias binding  $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch wide. Run the binding onto the edge of the fabric, right side to right side. Stretch the binding all the time, but not the edge of the garment. Turn over and hem as in (b). (c) Shows the finished bind, which should be  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wide.

3. This miniature shell edge is suitable for flimsy fabrics. The edge is rolled, and the stitching done as in 4, except that the hemming stitches are omitted and the thread is carried invisibly through the rolled edge between the drawing-upstitches.



4. For the shell edge, tack a double hem  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wide onto the wrong side of the garment. Working on the wrong side, hem three stitches, then pass the thread twice round the width of the hem, drawing it up tightly. Repeat. (a) Shows the wrong side, (b) the right.

5. The neat French seam is generally used for thin fabric slips, panties and nighties which require fine handwork. Put the first line of running stitches at least half an inch from the edges on the right side of the garment. Then cut away to within one-tenth of an inch before turning. (b) The garment is turned on to the wrong side and another line of running stitches encloses the raw edges. The finished seam should be  $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. wide. (c) To make this seam everlasting, hem down with fine, neat stitches.



6. Before joining a straight lace or net edging, first roll and whip the edge of the material onto the wrong side. Then place the lace with the top edge to the right side rolled edge of the fabric. Over-sew the lace and the rolled edge together as in (b).

"What kind of land?" Susan asked politely.

He slammed the car door and pushed down on the starter. He wasn't a good driver. He was too impetuous. Funny. He wasn't impetuous in any other way, he was calm and controlled and even almost sedate. Wasn't he? The car jumped.

"Hospital site," he said. "I don't like the job much, either. I *bad* a hospital site. That piece of land above Judge Guthrie's."

"Can't you have it?"

"Somebody's bought it."

"Can't you buy it back?"

He laughed, rather a rueful laugh. "I can't even find out who's bought it. There's something darned funny about the whole transaction, but I don't know what. I don't know why anybody'd buy it. Nobody has ever wanted it but my father and me, and everybody in the country knows what we wanted it for. It doesn't make sense that anybody'd buy it right now. But it's sold, and the buyer is undisclosed, and why?"

Susan's mind went over a dozen possibilities, but she discarded them, one by one. He would have thought of them all. There wasn't any use bringing them up. He would have thought of everything she could think of and a great deal more.

"So you are going to look for another?"

He slid the car into a narrow rutted track along the top of the hill above the town. "That's the idea," he said, "There must be something that isn't too great a compromise."

"I didn't know you were going to build a hospital."

He smiled down at her. "A lot of people still think it's a pipe dream. It isn't. We're about ready to start. It's going to be a pip—thirty beds, pathology lab, electrocardiograph, radium, research department, fine nurses, a good nurses' residence—the whole show."

Susan said slowly, "Where are you going to get the money?"

"That's been the catch. That's what's taken so long. I still don't quite see where we're going to get the starting fund. I mean, we can't raise enough at the beginning to set up the framework. At least, I thought we couldn't. Now I think I can borrow. I'm counting on it anyway. I've got a little put by, and there are a few well-to-do people who will lend the odd thousand or two, and once we get going, we're all set." He looked down at her thoughtfully. "You're not really interested, are you?"

"There isn't anything really dull about the idea. Is there? Of course I'm interested."

"It's not very tangible. I rather thought girls liked things to be pretty tangible."

Susan didn't answer. Not that remark, thinking about Marian.

He was looking at her. She felt his eyes and, after a minute, lifted her own. Their glances met in that odd way.

He said brightly, "Well, here's the site. You see the sign says it's sold."

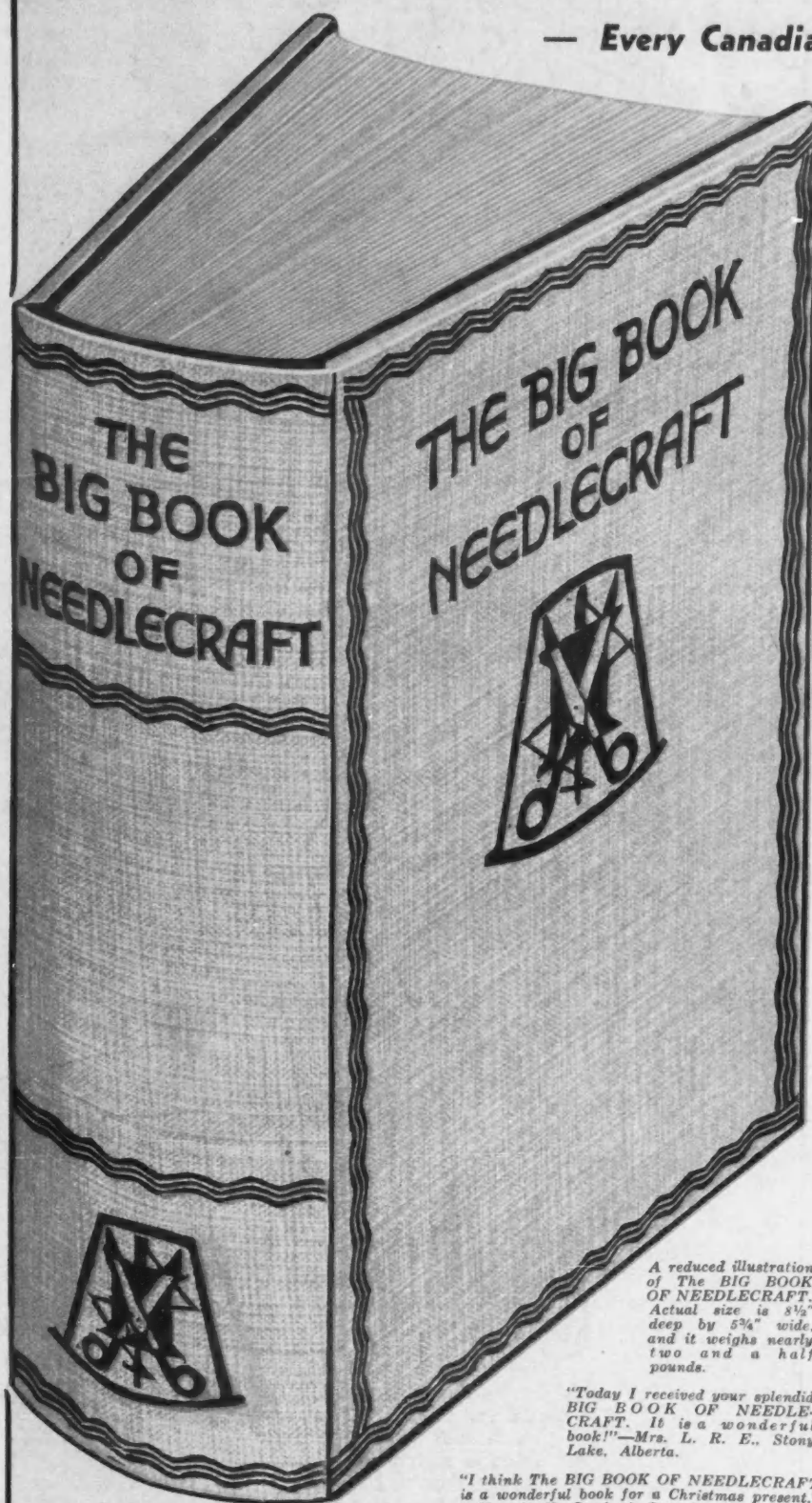
He got out of the car, and waited for her. She got out, too, and he took her all over the piece of land, explaining its beauties. She could see them without much explanation. It was perfect. All the time they were walking around she kept thinking for what other purpose this land could have been sold, and an answer kept sliding insidiously into her mind . . . she kept hearing Marian Parsons say, when she was asked whether or not she would be redecorat-

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